JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1864

3D EVERY THURSDAY

GLOVES OFF TO DARLAN By A.G.G.

THE MOST IDLE MEN IN BRITAIN

SPOTLIGHT THE GOAL By the EDITOR

THE MEN CALL HER "MUSCLE"!

Mother of-three saws two-ton gun barrels—then does the washing

MRS. ELSIE RAMSCAR is known as "Muscle" in the North-Western war factory where she works a 60-hour week. Her job is sawing gun barrels weighing 2 tons apiece—heavy work that usually only men can do. But little Mrs. Ramscar thrives on it. "Hard work keeps you young, I reckon," she says. She wants to keep young for the sake of a very nice husband in the Forces!

IN the lunch-hour, Mrs. Ramscar nips home to get dinner for her three children. "I can manage quite well because I live close to my work and the shops," she says.

Washing is fitted in according to her "shifts." She does it the Rinso no-boil way—lets the clothes soak for 12 minutes in Rinso and hot water from the tap. Even her dirty overalls come clean without boiling if she smooths a little dry Rinso on the worst places before soaking them. "This method saves me an hour and a half's hard work," says Mrs. Ramscar.

Hitler can't win while women like Elsie Ramscar keep a happy home around them and make the weapons to defend it!

R 3088-414-38 R. S. Hudson Limited

Sir Henry Price answers the Munition Worker

Interview between Sir Henry Price and a Munition Worker

Munition Worker: I'm getting better money now than I earned in peace time. I used to buy my clothes from the Fifty Shilling Tailors—why shouldn't I go to a more expensive tailor now?

Sir Henry: **It is every man's duty in these days not to spend just for the sake of spending. The point is to get sound lasting value at the lowest economical price.**

Munition Worker: That's true. But your prices are up, aren't they?

Sir Henry: **Yes. But I'd like you to bear this in mind; they are still the lowest prices at which good clothes can be made. That's the point.**

Munition Worker: Why are you so sure about that?

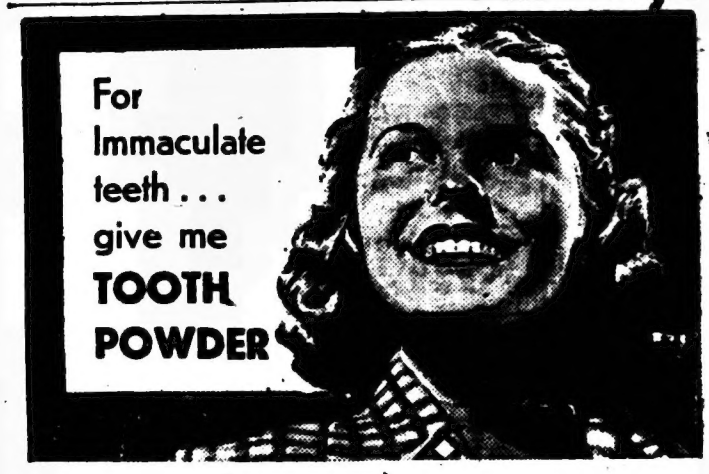
Sir Henry: **Because my organisation has been trained for years to produce the highest value at the lowest economical cost. That's what Rational Tailoring is and that's why today Rational Tailoring offers you the best coupon value in the country.**

Take your Clothing Coupons to—

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

Props.: Prices Tailors Ltd.

OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS



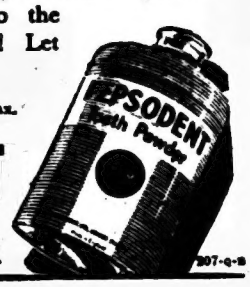
PEPSODENT POWDER—the only one with the plus of IRIUM

What a thrill you're going to get when you start using Pepsodent tooth *Powder*—with its marvellous newly discovered cleansing agent, IRIUM. Your teeth will look brighter, your mouth feel fresher, because the vigorous action of IRIUM'S gentle, powerful cleansing will purify and freshen every corner of your mouth and teeth. Surface stains and hidden food particles alike are floated away. New brilliance shines in your teeth, a livelier sparkle illuminates your smile. Change to the IRIUM tooth *Powder* today and see! Let others see, too.

(JB) 7½d., 1/3 and 2/2 including Tax.

PEPSODENT

THE *Irium* TOOTH POWDER



207-c-2

Toast the GALLANT FORCES by all means

BUT remember that Maldano cocktails are scarce and precious. If you are lucky enough to find a bottle—toast sparingly!

Maldano

READY MIXED

cocktails

OXYDOL gives more rich suds per coupon!

—makes your clothes last longer, too!

Now that soap is rationed you *must* get the most washing value out of every coupon! So choose the packet that gives you the most lather,—choose Oxydol! Because Oxydol's rich, speedy lather lasts so much longer, you get *far more washing done per coupon!* But that's not all. Oxydol, the safe granulated soap, cuts down wash-tub wear and tear. You know how harsh rubbing and strong bleaching powders wear out clothes long before their time. With Oxydol in your wash-tub, your clothes are safe! Oxydol's lively lather lifts every scrap of dirt away with absolute safety! *That's* why you save clothes coupons, too, when you choose Oxydol!

A Class 1 product

3½d. size - 1 coupon. 7d. size - 2 coupons

at your shop

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

"Tell me, doctor

is it true that an antiseptic can heal? I know it kills germs, but the wound itself – can it help that?"

Wounds heal naturally and quickly if they are kept clean and free from the germs of septic infection. To keep wounds in a healthy condition for safe and rapid healing, surgeons everywhere use 'Dettol'.

This ruthless destroyer of germs – three times more efficient than pure carbolic acid – is so kind to tender human tissue that natural healing is effected in the shortest possible time. How easy, then, for you and how wise to learn from the hospital. Have 'Dettol' always in your home. Use it promptly and freely whenever infection threatens.

Ask your doctor. He knows all about 'Dettol'.

DETTOL

TRADE MARK

FROM ALL CHEMISTS **THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC**

Phensic THE 'FLU-FIGHTER

THE QUICKEST AND SAFEST SPECIFIC FOR THIS WAR-TIME WINTER

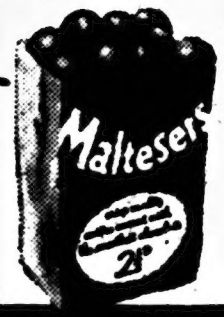
Steer clear of 'Flu! Avoid the terrible weakness which 'flu can cause. You can stop the growth of 'flu germs in your bloodstream if you take two tablets of Phensic a day. And if 'flu should catch you unprepared—get Phensic at once. Kill the infection overnight, and remove all risk of after-weakness.

Prices: 3½d; 1/4 and 3/3 (*Inc. Pur. Tax*)

Phensic

Pronounced "FEN-SIK" DOESN'T HARM THE HEART

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF



Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned—what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres—that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 7, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

BIG NEWS

● **The Black Market infamy is to be ended by new and startling measures.**

A Board of Trade committee has been considering the intricate laws concerning racketeering—particularly in clothing, cosmetics, perfumery and similar goods.

As a result, the laws will be drastically amended.

Magistrates will deal only with the smaller cases.

And everything will be done to ensure that even minor cases are heard by magistrates well versed in the complicated issues that perplex even distinguished barristers.

All serious cases will in future be tried by judge and jury.

JOHN BULL believes that the news will hearten a nation that has been disgusted and infuriated by the tolerance hitherto shown to the enemies in its midst.

But prevention is still better than cure.

The laws should be so tightened that rogues would find it hard even to begin Black Market operations on any large scale.

Moreover, the most drastic penalties should be enforced. There should be an end of the "appeal" farce; Black Market offenders should be granted the right of appeal *only* if the Attorney-General agrees that important legal issues are involved.

Straight from the Shoulder

GET VICIOUS!

LET us get down to it—to the work that lies nearest the hand.

The War Cabinet must revolutionise methods and organisation. Timely decisive advice and guidance must be given to the people. Their cry is still "Tell us what to do and we'll do it!"

Stress and Strain

Consider the situation.

Our strength in 'planes and ships will be severely strained during the coming months.

The "so few" R.A.F., U.S. and Dutch "fighters" show what could happen were their numbers even doubled.

It is estimated that Britain and the U.S. have—at the most—some 40,000 aircraft.

Lost Battles

That total is far too little for our needs. Nor has it been wisely disposed.

Norway was lost for lack of air power. So were Crete and Singapore. Flanders fell for want of 'planes and tanks. Burma is hard pressed in the same way; Java could be saved by 'planes.

And because we denied them air cover, 50,000 of our men are in enemy hands.

How to Win

So we must have aircraft and still more aircraft. Air predominance everywhere will mean victory.

Textbook ideas about the Navy and Army are outmoded by the events of this World War and the immense distances of our World Front.

Produce the 'planes! Keep them fluid. Use them wherever they are wanted. And improvise!

Neglected Power

It is a crime to fly empty bombers.

When not required for active service, they should be used as carriers of men, munitions and food.

Our enemies do so.

Had we used them as transports, our forces overseas would have been far better equipped to withstand attack. Had we used them as long-range fighters, the U-boat peril would have been much lessened.

Storm Ahead

The shipping situation will become more serious as winter ends. Already the Allies have lost nine million tons since war began.

Faster and simpler vessels must replace that terrific loss.

Let us root out the crazy prejudice against welded ships. Kick out the "patriots" who build slow ships for the sake of peace-time economy. Bring out more 'planes to protect our merchantmen!

Stretching the Navy

We must balance the demands for warships to escort Atlantic convoys, prepare for an assault by the *Tirpitz*, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* on our supply line to Russia, and strengthen what remains of our foothold in the Pacific.

The Navy has done magnificent service. It will do still better, if greater air power supports its operations.

Well Done, Stalin

Russia aims at smashing through the northern front to swing round and cut off the Nazi central army. But a German offensive in the south—towards the oil beyond the Causasus—must be expected.

To meet it, our magnificent ally will need tremendous supplies.

We are sending more 'planes and tanks than the public may realise; the Russian front offers the best opportunity of crippling our main enemy.

Help for Rommel

Yet we also need those supplies in North Africa.

We may not have the strength to strike decisively there. But at all costs we must clear the Mediterranean and prevent supplies from reaching Rommel.

Long-range 'planes would enable us to do so.

All-out Effort

Germany's production is at its peak. A host of slave peoples toil for her.

The Poles, French, Belgians, Dutch, Yugoslavs and Danes are forced into her arms industry. Italy has had all her labour conscripted.

Japan is incurring great losses to gain a quick success. She has ample materials for the task, and we cannot blockade her

Axis preparations for the Spring cannot be overestimated.

We must make a corresponding effort.

End to Waste

Cut out waste in all directions—in manpower as well as materials and food.

We need not make sacrifices for the sake of sacrifice. But the shipping shortage will make us tighten our belts unless we help ourselves.

Cut the Frills!

It is no good saving petrol on food distribution if it is wasted by sport spectators.

Cripps has promised to end such folly. Official action is necessary to stop the use by spectators of cars by checking Identity Cards and supplementary coupons.

Put betting and gambling under strict control! It is senseless to appeal for war savings unless betting is restricted and rationed.

Let other sports follow the example of the Jockey Club and adopt a system in keeping with common-sense and the national economy.

Greyhound racing, boxing, football, stage and screen—all entertainments should cut out the frills.

Cure for Apathy

Work is the best cure for boredom and apathy. Its scope is unlimited.

There is spare-time work for all.

It need not be direct war work. Often, indirect war work is just as important to the wider effort, for it enables the direct work to be done more efficiently and speedily.

Waiting for Action

Take just one example:

Legions of Civil Defence workers have been idle for months. By spare-time work they could relieve others better placed for full-time war work.

Red tape is strangling this sort of enterprise, by insistence on direct war work and restrictions on payment.

Coal Board

Production depends on power. And we are short of coal, as JOHN BULL predicted we should be.

Gas supplies to many homes have been reduced. We dare not cut down supplies to factories. So more coal must be mined.

To do that, we must have a Coal Industry Board to improve the industry's organisation.

Stop the Waste

Government Departments must improve themselves. Snip the red tape, sack the army of form-fillers, stop the slavish adherence to obsolete routine—and decisions will be speeded, man- and woman-power saved, and the nation's money be well spent!

Promise for India

Even the War Cabinet needs to be quicker and bolder in action.

The enemy is at the gates of India. Indians will fight and work furiously if sure that their own liberty will be their reward.

It is not enough to offer them a reward three years hence. We should replace Amery by a man whose vision and sincerity would win their aid. Soon the India Office would be superfluous.

Provincial governments should be restored as a first step towards political freedom for all India.

Quit the Defensive

For a whole year we in Britain stood alone for the cause of Freedom everywhere. Now we have to beware of the Maginot Line mentality.

We have to do more than stand our ground. We have to prepare to advance.

"To beat the enemy," Stalin declared last week, "we must hammer the enemy day and night in uninterrupted waves; he must not be given time to recover."

Full Strength

Too often, we have given the enemy chance to recover.

In future, we must use our full strength, end waste and extravagance, pour out supplies in a steady spate, dominate the air—and at last move forward towards success.

Warlike Spirit

That will necessitate a complete change in our ideas. Now or never, we have to scrap the worship of outworn customs that have so long palsied our hands.

And we have got to change our ideas about war itself.

We sent 40,000 men to reinforce Singapore. They were captured. Had we sent 400 'planes, Singapore would have held.

Showing Our Teeth

Only by the right use of men *and* machines shall we destroy our enemies. We need, not mammoth armies, but perfectly equipped armies and mammoth air fleets.

Above all, we must acquire the offensive spirit. Let us get vicious!

(Continued overleaf)

TOTAL WAR WILL SOON BEGIN

● **A thirty-year-old waitress, who spends her days feeding Covent Garden men and others on vital work, was interviewed for national service.**

She was told she would have to do "war work."

She had been picked out to feed the actors at a film studio—where, at the moment, a love drama of no national importance is being filmed.

Her employer says that his four years' fighting in the last war was preferable to the ordeal to which starchy Ministry of Labour women subjected him.

But he has managed to secure three months' deferment for her.

After that, she'll do war work—feeding actors.

And now we know how officialdom proposes to wage total war.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SPEED the ships!

To whom does that injunction apply? Not only to the shipwrights.

It takes weeks, sometimes months, for the Admiralty to approve drawings for new ships, even when the same type has been built before.

Meanwhile, men and plant are idle.

Nothing Doing

Also idle are sheet metal and welding workers in a factory near London. The firm has repeatedly asked the Ministry of Supply for orders, regularly filled up forms giving details of the machinery available.

The Ministry has returned no reply. Perhaps too many of its officials are engaged on paper-chasing?

No Escape

"Gosh, you ought to see it!" writes a reader of another factory.

The women sleep or go home when they like; engineers are painting doors to fill up time. They'd like to escape to real war work—but theirs is a "protected" establishment.

And this is the third year of war.

One Minute: One Day

A woman helping to make Stirling bombers clocked-out at 5.59 instead of 6 o'clock.

Was she punished by stoppage of a quarter-hour's wages? No, this is war time. So she was suspended for a whole day.

By such means do we seek to exceed the enemy's 'plane production.

Still There

Maybe you remember reading in JOHN BULL of the hundred bricklayers who have been unemployed in Worthing for weeks. They are some of many in the Brighton area who would willingly accept war work.

Well, they are still idle, and still wondering what the Government means by "total war."

Why the Funeral!

Inquiry should also be made into allegations that a gang of men, employed by a much-criticised firm of war contractors, has been burying tons of cement in a clay-pit.

Cement, we need hardly point out, is an essential war material.

Destroyed

So are tools of all kinds.

A high officer visited an R.A.F. maintenance unit. He ordered all excess tools and equipment to be returned to store for distribution to other stations.

But they were not returned. Excellent benches were smashed with hammers and carted off to the cookhouse as firewood; the men nearly wept with shame.

Shame on Shaftesbury

Nor can anyone feel proud of Shaftesbury's war effort. The council insists on retaining all railings not standing on a 3 ft. wall, so that hardly a railing in the town will be given for scrap.

Nice place for property owners, Shaftesbury!

Modification-Mad

It is only fair to Shaftesbury to admit that far more material is lost to the war effort by the Army's craze for constant modifications of designs.

One of many recent changes concerns motor-cycles. On all front wheels there is to be fitted a locking nut.

Experienced drivers affirm that it will not fulfil its purpose and will increase the wear of tyres.

Tra-la-la

Another modification concerns the W.D. numbers on vehicles. They must now all be upright—an instruction that means repainting the numbers on both sides of the bonnet on nearly every Army vehicle!

Evidently some Brass-Hat has a bee in his bonnet. It would save the country a lot of money if the War Office would arrange for him to leave base for the front line.

Solemn Occasion

And it would save a lot of time if the ritual of pay parade were modified.

Training in a unit of 2,000 men ceases two and a half hours early so that the troops can clean their boots and buttons as a preliminary.

The Ritual

Then comes the real business: "Halt one pace from the table, salute, one pace forward, hand in your book, pace sideways, sign, side pace back to the officer, receive pay in your *left* hand, step back one pace, salute, *right* about turn, pause and step off smartly with the *left* foot."

Thus is the Army trained to put paid to Hitlerism.

About Turn

Funnier story of Army life is that, when an officer was due on a visit of inspection to a certain barracks, the men were ordered to shovel the dirty snow upside down so that it presented a clean appearance.

We can't vouch for it. But we can well believe it.

Unwanted

Knowing official methods, we are certainly not surprised at the plight of three young British seamen who, paid off from a foreign ship, were refused their papers on arrival here.

They were barred from a sailors' home. They were denied a ship. They have tried to join the Navy or Army and have been barred because they are merchant seamen. They have been barred from civil work for the same reason, and they are barred from drawing the "dole."

Work Doesn't Pay

Anyhow, it doesn't always pay to get a job. A Devon woman who earns a few shillings as a cleaner applied for widow's pension when her only son was called up.

It has been denied her because she works. Widows in the neighbourhood who do not elect to work draw the pension.

Sympathy

That reminds us of a notice at a Government depot.

It reports the loss of a naval armament vessel and the crew of fourteen. It announces that the dependants of the men are not eligible for pension, and that, therefore, the R.N.A.D. sports club is trying to raise a subscription.

Admire that measure of practical sympathy. But ask yourselves whether the bereaved should have to depend on private charity!

Fred Karno's Brigade

Never was officialdom more rampant than in the new Fire Service.

Accountant to a county insurance committee presented a claim on one sheet for £20. He was told it could not be accepted because it was not on an official form.

And he was handed 168 forms to complete.

It Still Goes On

Complaints still reach us of N.F.S. cars being used for shopping and joy-rides. But here's something different:

About three months ago York firemen were instructed to work the 48-hours duty, 24-hours off system. Those in lodgings gave notice to their landladies.

Two days later the instruction was cancelled, the men withdrew their notices. Last month the instruction was issued again, then withdrawn again, re-issued and again cancelled. Further changes of mind are awaited.

They Want Wings

The order that stops soldiers from transferring to the R.A.F. is far too sweeping. And it should be amended promptly.

Some soldiers, for example, volunteered for flying duties in December, 1940. In September, 1941, they were accepted for training as pilots—and continued to wait.

Now their hopes are blasted, having sacrificed any chance of promotion during the last fourteen months.

Release for Service

On the other hand, the R.A.F. is releasing some airmen for service in aircraft factories.

But not N.C.O.s. Some of the young men released have had only a few months' training in the R.A.F. shops, while highly skilled and older N.C.O.s are kept behind.

He's Bored

Indeed, the R.A.F. as well as the Army must pay more heed to the man-power problem.

One man was formerly a well-paid staff organiser; he was also a chief warden. For the past year he's been in the R.A.F.—with nothing more to do than write out a few vouchers each day and collect a few spare parts.

Trouble on the Line

Have the locomotive men's union refused to waive the rule limiting Sunday work? At any rate, we understand that railwaymen are having to be brought from Darlington and other depots to York to work trains, while York drivers are engaged in the sheds.

Many rules have to be waived in war time.

No Test

That fact has not been fully realised by Suffolk education authorities.

Since 1940 the Vicar of Haughley, the Rev. W. Grainge White, has been doing excellent voluntary work. In order to carry out a test of the rest centre organisation he has set up he has tried to get the use of the local church school for an afternoon.

Not an afternoon a week. Just one afternoon. But officialdom refuses.

At Their Convenience

The vicar argues that evacuees might arrive any day at any time. The officials ostriches apparently think that bombing could only take place at week-ends, when the school is closed.

So we can well understand why the vicar has vainly tried for a whole year to arrange an emergency food supply.

Behind the News

- **U.S.A. will produce 90,000,000 tons of steel this year—twice as much as all Europe, three times as much as Greater Reich production and ten times as much as Japan.**
- *Other U.S.A. figures shortly to be made public include output of* 10,000 *armoured and other transport vehicles* per day.
- Despite shipping losses, aid for Russia is increasing: Persian Gulf traffic is now the greatest in history.
- **Nine mining areas west of Rostov, employing 80,000 miners, have been brought into full production in two months since Germans were driven out—thanks to machinery the Nazis rushed up after Soviet scorched earth policy!**
- *Goebbels' ace broadcaster, Hans Fritsche, has been ordered to concentrate on explaining away Nazi defeats in Russia.*
- *Luftwaffe* losses are 50 per cent. above Hitler's estimates.
- **He has relieved Chief of Staff Von Keitel of military duties to devise new conscription methods of everyone between sixteen and sixty throughout occupied Europe.**
- *Unpleasant surprise for Nazi armies in Russia soon! Cavalry divisions from Central Asiatic republic Kazistan—birthplace of polo—are moving west and may anticipate Hitler's Spring offensive.*
- **Werlin, Hitler's new transport chief, cannot recover railway carriages sent to the Russian front with supplies. Freezing German soldiers refuse to let them go, use them as sleeping quarters.**
- *Field-Marshal List, reported in disgrace, has turned up again in Berlin; is believed to be in charge of preparations for new Hitler push in Balkans.*
- Hitler was so hysterical at Todt's funeral that his advisers dare not let him show his face in public again, kept him away from February Party celebrations, whisked him off to "unknown destination."
- **Attack by a silent air armada of gliders is Hitler's new "Secret Weapon"—every German soldier will be taught to handle a glider.**

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

SPOTLIGHT THE GOAL!

FREEDOM's "Big Four" — Churchill, Stalin, Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek—have again assured the United Nations that complete victory lies within their grasp.

But they say it can *only* be achieved by toil and sacrifice and the high devotion to duty which is born of faith in the cause for which they are fighting.

The Russians are inspired by their belief in their own country and their own form of Government. They *know* that, when they have won the war, their future will be in their own hands.

It is hypocrisy to pretend that our own people have an equal assurance of spirit. We live in a land of many promises, but we have never been shown the promised land.

JOHN BULL realises with measured satisfaction that the will of the people has prevailed upon Mr. Churchill to reconstruct the War Cabinet.

We urge that "the new management" be given every opportunity to prove its own efficiency. We sincerely hope with Mr. Churchill that "a more tensely braced and compact administration" has been achieved.

But JOHN BULL comes back to the fact—the vital, war-winning *fact*—that no call to the people's loyalty and enthusiasm is worth a tinker's cuss unless our leaders themselves be prepared to give substance to the faith which they invoke.

Something is lacking in the present spirit of the people of Britain, and we all know it.

That sense of urgency, which drove us after Dunkirk to great deeds that aroused the admiration of the world, has lamentably flagged in recent months.

How can it be rekindled? Only, we believe, by plain evidence that we intend to fight this war aggressively and that we mean to establish a new social order here in Britain, and make our contribution to a similar order in the Commonwealth and in the world, when it is won.

In this connection we commend to all our readers a study of "The Old World and the New Society," issued for consideration in anticipation of the Labour Party's Whitsuntide Conference.

This is published at 3d. from Transport House, and we do not care a brass button what party label it carries. Its importance lies in the fact that it outlines a hard and clear-cut programme of social reform and social security.

If our leaders could but see it, we are passing through a social revolution now. Nine-tenths of the population are sick of the bad old days and the bad old ways.

MANY of them cannot put their hopes and their fears into clear form, but all of them resent the wicked inequalities of the old order; all of them demand work for the fit, security for the old, wide and equal opportunity for the young, and a decent standard of living for every man, woman and child in the country.

It is not enough—it is nothing like enough! for our leaders to talk in vague and general terms of building a better Britain after the war is over.

The people will not be satisfied with anything less than positive and definite pledges, guaranteed by such instalments of future reform to-day as war conditions permit.

Vast promises were made to us after the last war and they were unfulfilled.

Indeed, it was never possible to keep them in a society dominated by privilege and vested interests.

Workers emerged then from the brief, artificial prosperity of war industry into the morass of unemployment.

The heroes who came back from the front came back to find their old jobs filled by artful dodgers, and their gallant youth frustrated by the dug-outs who had "dug in."

Nothing changed and nothing was grandly improved. We tinkered with housing plans, and new slums grew where the occasional old slum was demolished.

We haggled over old age pensions; we bargained meanly with the workers over pay and conditions of labour; we talked of educational reform and left privilege more strongly entrenched than ever. We vaunted British freedom and kept "the lesser breeds"—as we had the presumption to think of them—"without the law."

Largely because of that arrogance, we have now lost Malaya, whose native population would not stir a finger to insure the supremacy of the British Raj.

And unless and until this country decides to take all the peoples of the British Commonwealth, white and black, brown and yellow, into full and equal partnership, we shall continue to fight "a Sahib's war," and to lose it for lack of the people's support.

In this page last week JOHN BULL urged the Government to adopt certain definite suggestions for the more vigorous prosecution of the war on the Home Front. Every one of these suggestions has since been endorsed by Members of the House of Commons.

But to-day we ask for something more than emergency measures. We implore the Government to turn the spot-light of its publicity upon the final goal of all our efforts.

We want it to hearten the plain men and women of the British Commonwealth with its *positive* guarantee of "the New Society."

The Labour Party, in its interim report, to which I have already referred, declares that the basis of democracy must be *planned* at once to provide employment after the war to every willing worker; to rebuild a better Britain, in fact as well as theory; to provide for the health and nutrition of the workers and the cure of the aged and infirm; and to secure full educational opportunities for all.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT stands solidly behind the same general policy.

He leads Americans to hope for equality of opportunity; jobs for those who can work and security for those who can't; the ending of special privileges for the few and the preservation of civil liberties for all, together with "the general enjoyment of the fruits of scientific progress in a wider and constantly rising standard of living."

If we could look forward to a New Society of this kind, and if we had the Government's positive promise that wealth and privilege will be *forced* to finance a noble peace as strongly as they are now financing this desperate war, the flame of national purpose would burn more strongly than ever before.

But we warn our leaders that they will never get a hundred per cent. effort without a hundred per cent. lead.

We are no less loyal and no less valiant than the Russians. All we lack is their high inspiration to achieve positive and visible ends.

We shall fight on, even through the darkness—but we should fight better if we could see a steady light at the far end of the tunnel.

The Most Idle Men in Britain

THOUSANDS of young Americans were too impatient to get at Hitler's throat to await their country's declaration of war.

They read with anger of the *Luftwaffe's* demoniacal attacks on British towns.

Then British Government advertisements published throughout the United States told them that if they had certain technical knowledge *they* could play a part in shooting Hun murderers out of the skies.

They were wanted for the Civilian Technical Corps—"somewhere in Britain."

* * *

Largely, they were wanted for radio-location, the new mystery counter to the bomber.

Last November, when recruiting for them was in full swing throughout the United States, it was said that 25,000 of them would be working in Britain by the next Christmas.

Well, that Christmas has gone.

A JOHN BULL representative has visited a thousand of these men in a provincial city.

A wickeder waste of man-power this country has never known—in this war or the last.

For months they have been pleading for a chance to do something in the war effort.

That chance never comes their way. They have no work to do.

Alternatively, they plead for a chance to go back home and help their own country at war.

In most cases that, too, is denied them.

* * *

The British Government, which spent huge sums on recruiting them, more on bringing them over thousands of perilous miles of ocean, appears to be content to go on indefinitely keeping them in a state of idleness that torments them.

They get £8 a week, plus board and lodging, plus blue serge uniforms of R.A.F. pattern—yet find themselves, against their will, the most idle men in Britain.

Some to whom our representative talked are almost desperate through frustration.

One said: "With few exceptions there is nothing for us to do except 'pub crawl,' and some of us were almost teetotalers when we came here."

He has been paid for five months of outright idleness.

Large numbers of the men sensed before they sailed that their talents would be wasted.

Some were killed on the way across.

Three weeks ago no fewer than forty were, indeed, allowed to return to America, having done nothing during their stay here.

Many of the men gave up highly paid posts in the United States to come here.

Some were admittedly entirely unsuitable for the highly skilled work they had been recruited to do—a fact which hundreds of the men admit.

But that, they say, is the fault of the selectors appointed by the British Government—not of the men themselves.

A highly skilled aircraft "dope" chemist is employed delivering messages.

Some are doing civilian jobs "on the quiet"—in the main because they detest idleness.

* * *

We don't suggest that all the American technicians are idle.

But some official statement is obviously needed.

Let those who want to stay here—and many do, whatever the risks—be given jobs commensurate with their skill and keenness.

Let those who want to go back do so. Uncle Sam has need of them.

And let the officials responsible for one of the sorriest bungles of this war get the kicks that are their due.

Open Letters

★

Vice-Admiral C. E. L. HELFRICH, Chief of Naval Forces in the Western Pacific

DEAR ADMIRAL.—Your victory over the Japanese fleet off Bali was but a hint of things to come.

The enemy's face was smartly slapped. Crippling body blows will follow when adequate reinforcements reach your command.

Of that I am sure.

Japanese cruisers, destroyers and transports were battered or destroyed—not one managed to reach Bali—by your small force of Dutch cruisers and six American destroyers.

Given a larger fleet, therefore, you should be able to extend your operations and cut the enemy's fantastically long lines.

Only by sea power shall we regain the Pacific, it is often said. But that view is based on the assumption that we can put back the clock by fifty years.

The truth is that only by combined sea and air strength shall we smash the Japanese, and for this job no better leader than yourself could be found.

Twenty years in the East Indies have enabled you to know the mighty face of the Pacific as well as your own features.

You are tough and daring, so much so that you became the youngest admiral in Dutch history.

But you can bide your time. You can balance daring by discretion.

When Pearl Harbour was obliterated by smoke and flame, you ordered your fleet to sea and vanished. The Japanese boasted that it had indeed been obliterated.

Within twenty-four hours they discovered their mistake. In that time you had sunk four of their ships.

You have always insisted on complete co-operation between navy and air force. So, in the Battle of Bali, the dash of your destroyers was aided by U.S. dive-bombers and heavy bombers.

Never since Van Tromp sailed up the Medway with a broom at his masthead has the Netherlands navy so startled the world.

I look forward to the time when, with greater power at your elbow, you will begin to inscribe the proudest chapter in your countrymen's annals.

Britain and the U.S. must and will provide that power.—JOHN BULL.

Col. J. J. LLEWELLIN, M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR.—We must have more 'planes. 'Planes by the thousand. 'Planes as quickly as we can get them!

We have the organisation to fulfil those needs. But it has defects. It has not been used to anything like full capacity.

You will not perfect it merely by appeals to the workers. Listen to the report sent to me from one factory:

"Often the workers have nothing to do. They spend their time makings rings and other souvenirs. Slow-motion is encouraged by the management; workers who try to hustle are frowned upon."

And this from another factory:

"Time is wasted, work scrapped. Hundreds of women are being taken on though there isn't enough work for the men. It would break an airman's heart to visit this factory."

Well, you've been given promotion to stop such wicked scandals. Let me suggest one way to do it:

Make some personal visits to aircraft factories—and make them *surprise* visits.—JOHN BULL.

PETROLEUM OFFICER, Derby

SIR.—No petrol shortage in your area, evidently. So I judge from the advertisement of a Home Guard dance at Thorpe, to which free transport was provided both ways from villages four and six miles away.

I hope no brave men died in bringing across the oceans a load of petrol for dancers' cars.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILFRED C. EADY, Board of Customs and Excise

DEAR CHAIRMAN.—Customs officers at a southern port have not received a penny in allowances for fire guard duties during the last three months.

Surely a Government that squanders millions can afford to pay its servants their just dues!—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR, Portsmouth Dock Yard

SIR.—One of your labourers has said in court that he was paid double time on Sunday for playing darts and cards from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

On this page, last May, I wrote of "workers playing cards and darts" in the dockyard and reminded you of other disgraces.

Have you been asleep for the last nine months?—JOHN BULL.

CIVIL DEFENCE CONTROLLER, Gateshead

DEAR SIR.—For two and a half years the Tyne Road East rescue squad has been lodged in a stable. Forty men have twenty-two blankets between them—blankets that have never been washed—and complaints are ignored.

That is what the men say. What have you to say?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES CRICC, Secretary for War

DEAR SIR JAMES.—A little of your ruthless efficiency is badly needed at Leicester.

I have repeatedly criticised conditions in the Royal Army Pay Corps there. Now the authorities have altered the leave system.

Many of the men will get leave two months late. And their next leave will date from the time they obtain leave this time. Some of them are not only working until nine each night, but on Sundays as well, not to mention fire guards.

I ask again: Can tired men be expected to work well?—JOHN BULL.

The ARCHBISHOP of YORK, Canterbury-to-be

YOUR GRACE.—Because you are not merely the best possible choice, but the only suitable one, I view your translation from York to Canterbury with equal pleasure and relief.

To say this is not to disparage the other princes of the Church. Many are highly able men.

But none has your combination of learning, vision, determination and statesmanship—gifts that would have made you Prime Minister had you preferred politics to piety.

I remember with pride that you have contributed to these pages. I anticipate with satisfaction that the Church will contribute its full part after the war in building a better Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL, 171, St. Stephens House, Westminster

DEAR SIR PETER.—Tanks and 'planes are not enough. We must send to Russia the means to relieve the sufferings of her heavy casualties, whose bravery has for so long shielded us from attack.

I remember that almost the first aid we gave was a million doses of that miraculous drug, M. & B. 693.

Yet drugs are useless without diagnosis, and Soviet field hospitals must have mobile X-ray units that cost £1,500 apiece.

You are doing magnificent work in trying to meet this urgent need, and I trust that Lord Horder's appeal will bring you an avalanche of contributions from our people.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. Frank O'SHIEL, Medical Officer for Stepney

DEAR DOCTOR.—Congratulations on a useful anti-boredom idea:

Under your direction, Civil Defence workers are spending their leisure time by making chairs, tables and toys from timber from bombed buildings, and by boot repairing.

Other districts, please note!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD PORTAL, Minister of Works and Planning

MY LORD.—While you are planning a finer Britain for the future, your vandals are despoiling the Britain of to-day.

I refer, once again, to the gangs who remove iron railings for scrap; I now bring to your notice the foullest of their despoliations.

A reader, visiting the grave of her mother in Heston churchyard, has found great pieces of marble torn away and the iron chains and stanchions removed.—JOHN BULL.

Fiddlers—and Strings

THERE were four of us in the club bar—two Scotches, a beer and a gin-and-bitters. A cheerful fire was blazing in the hearth. Here was a snug, comfortable retreat where men could meet and talk over a drink or two before dinner.

ARGUE IT OUT By Poles

We were, of course, discussing the war. The escape of the German battleships through the Channel was fresh in our minds. Singapore had fallen.

"The trouble is," said the man with the beer, "that our war effort is too lop-sided. Some people are working their guts out, putting everything they've got into the fight. And others just stand aside going their selfish ways.

"Take this town." He waved an embracing hand. And we thought of the pleasant, residential town that sprawled around us. "Most people here don't even seem to know there's a war on.

"Walk down the High Street on Saturday mornings. See the women driving in their cars, cluttering up traffic, doing their tuppenny-ha'penny bits of shopping, crowding the cafés for morning coffees and cups of tea, and gossiping.

"Why can't we bring the war effort down to a common level? Why can't the pleasant towns be regimented like the industrial towns have been?"

★ ★ ★

There was silence for a second or two. One of the Scotches said quietly: "Perhaps you're right. But probably a lot of the people you're condemning are only waiting a lead."

"Lead?" echoed the gin-and-bitters. "People to-day shouldn't want a lead. They know the country's up against it. If their homes were in danger—on fire or threatened by floods—they wouldn't wait for a lead. They'd get busy.

"What I think is wrong is the social economy of the country. We're all still too pampered, with our theatres and cinemas, our boxing and dog-racing, our football, our pubs, our meals out without coupons."

"But the Government thinks relaxation is essential to the country," said the second Scotch.

"Nonsense," said the beer. "There's only one thing essential—victory. If the pubs were closed and the breweries closed and the cinemas and theatres were shut and only restaurants serving war workers with extra meals were allowed to open, there'd be no squeals."

★ ★ ★

I wonder. Germany, driving all out for victory, still has her sport, her cinemas and her beer halls.

But the war machine there is intolerant. It brooks no stupidities, no petty selfish individuals who try to hamper its progress.

The fact remains that enough has not yet been done to bring home to the people in the pleasant towns of Britain the full realisation of war.

If some statistician could give to Mr. Churchill figures showing exactly what "relaxation" costs this country in terms of labour, fuel, power, petrol, food, I think the Prime Minister would have an unanswerable case for closing down many of these activities.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Scores of thousands are fiddling in Britain while the majority toil wholeheartedly to see that the country does not burn.

Only the State can snap the strings on which the fiddlers play their selfish chords. The sooner they are snapped the sooner will snap the strings that hold together the Axis.

SMITH FAMILY, MOSCOW : Step this week into one of the Soviet factories and see how it compares with ours.

Russia's Secrets of Success

By JOHN CASHEL

MOSCOW'S average family man, Ivan Grigorovich Petrov, goes to it at the crack tank factory on the city's outskirts.

His working wife Manya and apprentice son Mikhail are at the Front, too—a few benches away.

A battle is on. A production battle to beat scheduled time for executing an urgent order.

At the shop foreman's command-post, telephones tinkle incessantly. Terse orders rap out, to the background accompaniment of the shrill ring of tool against metal, a war-song sung with steel.

The Symbol of Honour

Petrov stretches his back.

His eyes wander for a moment with envy and pride to the next bench where shock-brigade workers are leading the attack.

A red flag flies there.

To-morrow, Petrov hopes it will fly at his brigade's bench. From day to day this symbol of honour moves from bench to bench, according to which achieves record production.

It is one of the simple, elemental methods that Stalin employs to stimulate what Petrov calls "competitive socialism."

There are others, each a secret in its way of how the Soviet attains the maximum on the Factory Front.

Within Petrov's glance is the shop's Board of Honour.

On it are the names of top-scoring individuals.

Some of the skilled workers, men and women—there is sex equality in wages—earning their average 1,000 roubles (nominally about £40) for four weeks.

Some of the unskilled workers, like Petrov, drawing a bit under half as much.

Alongside the named top-producers are the percentages by which they have beaten the "norm" (normal quota), showing them to be Two, Three and even Four Hundred Per Centers.

Hopefully, Petrov eyes the names. His is not there yet. Being average, he is only a Hundred and Fifty Per Center.

He explains to you that means he is producing only half as much again as the norm fixed under the original production plan for 1942.

That plan was agreed on by the State's factory administrators and the trade unions for the industry before Hitler's invasion. Now, the revised plan aims at doubling it.

Super Workman

A cheer bursts on Petrov's ears!

A portrait of a Four Hundred Per Center is being stuck up by the foreman on another Board of Honour. Latest of dozens of such portraits, many of women.

Near them are still other photographs—of young men in Red Army uniform who have distinguished themselves at the battlefront. Young "old boys" who a few months before shared the benches at this Factory Front.

On the wall letters from them are posted up, bringing the hot, intimate, personal news from the battle to the bench.

Two of the portrait-soldiers are field Heroes of the Soviet Union. Their factory comrades match this with two who have won similar honour at the bench.

Thousands of orders and medals have been bestowed on factory heroes of high achievement.

"The Factory is the Front," Petrov proudly tells you

"Honours are conferred on us as they are at the battlefront—just as they were given in Britain to the civil defence heroes and heroines of the blitz.

"We've seen the Blitz of Britain film in our factory club cinema here. Those British were grand!"

Tribute from Smith Family, Moscow, to Smith Family, London!

In the dark days when Moscow was gravely menaced, the Petrovs, like the rest of the 20,000 in their factory, had their finest hour, too.

They were given a week to repair scores of disabled tanks rushed from the battlefront.

For three days and nights the three Petrovs, with all the rest, worked and slept on the job, while back at home fifteen-year-old "Little Mother" Anna looked after baby Nina when the one wasn't at school and the other at the crèche.

The scene at that factory, partly reminiscent of London's Tube stations on blitz nights, with huddled masses of workers snatching forty winks, was one no factory inspector would approve.

But, on the *fourth* day, the tanks went back to the battlefront!

The three-days-and-three-nighters now look with pride at a large framed certificate hung on a wall, awarded to the factory for outstanding achievement on the labour front.

They battle on for a still higher award that one or two other factories have won—the highest in the Union, the Order of Lenin

The Petrovs of the Factory Front do not live by honours alone, stimulating as is this method of increasing production.

"The secret of our production, in which the world is now so interested, is twofold," they tell you.

Profits Become Revenue

"First, no Profit! Or, rather, the profit the State takes in Turnover Tax goes into the kitty as revenue.

"Second, we workers are given a self-interest in what we produce by progressive piecework, the basic wages system in most industries. Under it, the more we beat the norm, the bigger our pay-packet."

Piecework once had its nightmare for the Petrovs.

Smart workers discovered ingenious means of saving labour, and dreaded the risk of receiving nothing for their invention and of new norms being set up requiring faster work for no more pay.

Incentive to Genius

A safeguard was found by giving the inventor a premium for his discovery and three months' pay at the old rate before the new norm was introduced.

Inventive genius is thus encouraged.

By such reward and protection, and the introduction of modern machinery and methods, every Soviet worker had on the average increased his output four times in the last peace year before Hitler's onslaught, compared with each individual's output in the last peace year of Tsardom.

One man as good as four! Three facing unemployment?

Petrov says unemployment ceased in 1931. Anyway, he has not been out of a job since then. He is not encouraged to change his job either. The longer he sticks to it, the bigger his pension at sixty will be.

Smoothing their Home Life

His trade union plays a big part in his life.

It administers nearly all his social services, receiving its funds from the industry at rates fixed by the Government.

It pays him and his "Missus" benefits for temporary disability like sickness, pregnancy, childbirth.

Mrs. Petrov received the standard thirty-five working days' holiday on full pay before she had baby Nina, and similarly for twenty-eight days afterwards, exclusive of her fortnight's statutory annual holiday.

It provides, too, rest homes and sanatoria, organises sports and excursions, arranges special diet for workers requiring it, and is responsible for pioneer camps and cultural work for children.

Its men and women on the factory committees guard the workers' interests.

But they also co-operate in the prompt fulfilment of production plans, dealing with discipline, absenteeism, bad timekeeping, spoilt work and theft.

"A fair day's work for a fair day's pay!" is their slogan.

That average working day was one of seven hours, for five days a week, with a rest day every sixth day, until France's collapse in June, 1940.

Then it became an eight-hour day for six days, with a rest day every seventh day.

Now, to smash the Hun, it is on average an eleven-hour day, with the fittest working the seventh day and receiving double pay for it.

So the Smith Family's opposite number in Moscow are dead beat when they step out of Factory Front for their two-roomed flat in Apartment House, Smolensky Boulevard.

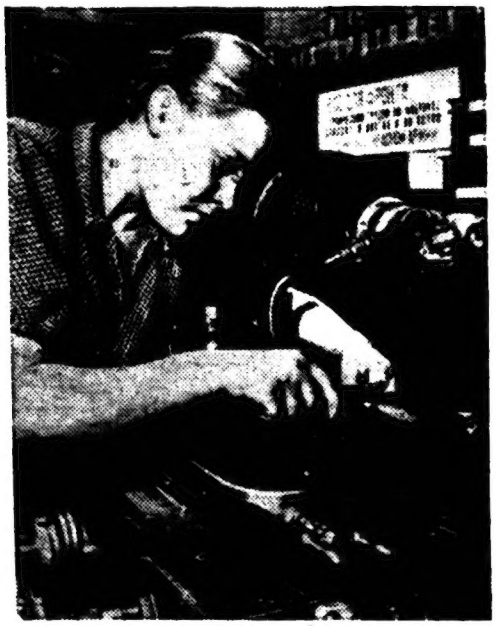
You won't envy them the journey. In the Five-Year-Plans, factories came before roads and civilian transport.

The Petrovs find the insufficient 'buses and trams packed out, and, except for where they can take the main asphalted streets, they trudge foot-weary over cobbled roads and pavements.

It gives them heart to know that the Red Army men themselves are advancing along appalling roads, entraining in worn-out rolling stock on inadequate railways, and thanking their lucky stars for the Miracle that brings them their supplies.

In my next article we'll look with Mrs. Petrov at

Another war time marvel:
WOMEN OF THE SOVIET.



The Soviet counterpart of our "Mrs. Smith" is an expert lathe operator. She has released a man for the fighting services

CHANGING THE FACE OF GERMANY

LATEST reports from neutral observers who have recently left Germany show to what extent Hitler is trying to "change the face of Germany."

In spite of his plans for vast offensive campaigns, Hitler has ordered the most comprehensive camouflage to be carried out all over the country.

★ ★ ★

The R.A.F. has already, through a series of brilliant photographic reconnaissance flights, discovered the "artificial island" which was built to camouflage Hamburg harbour.

Now they will have to take a good look at Berlin, where one of Hitler's characteristic landmarks, the "East-West-Axis," a wide, long road cutting through the town, was one of their favourite guiding lines.

The new Minister, Speer, Hitler's super-architect, has already begun to cover this road with netting.

And he has arranged for trees to be planted on rooftops to give parts of Berlin the appearance of parks and open spaces.

In parks and open spaces, on the other hand, structures have been built intended to lure the R.A.F. to waste their bombs.

According to American descriptions, a new A.A. contraption has also made its appearance in Berlin and other German towns.

It is a big tower, overlooking the rooftops and on which anti-aircraft guns are mounted. The Nazis claim that this gives them better view and a wider range.

Camouflage experts have also been busy hiding the changes which the R.A.F. has already wrought on German towns.

★ ★ ★

That the danger of bombing to Germans is something as real as it was to London, Plymouth and Coventry a year ago emerges from the intensification of evacuation of Hamburg's children.

Hamburg is also the German town to which most Nazi cheerleaders are being sent to keep up the morale of the people.

Recently Goebbels dragged even the Japanese ambassador in Berlin to Hamburg to make speeches about the "heroism" of the German people and the amount of suffering which they can bear.

MARCH 7, 1942

GLOVES OFF TO DARLAN

Though Vichy has again promised never to hand the French fleet over to Germany, Britain and America know their enemy, Admiral Darlan, is plotting with Hitler for our undoing and the final betrayal of the French people.

By A. G. GARDINER

THERE comes a moment when to hesitate is to be lost. That moment has come in regard to Vichy. And Vichy means Darlan. For that prince of traitors is the dictator-tool with which Hitler is enslaving France.

It was he, I suppose, whom Mr. Churchill quoted in a famous passage at Ottawa. It was he who, when the treachery was being consummated, told the Prime Minister that Hitler would "wring our neck like a chicken's." It was certainly he who justified the treachery to his dazed and betrayed countrymen by declaring that a British victory was "an absurd hypothesis."

IT IS THIS DOUBLE-DYED SCOUNDREL THAT HAS TO BE ROLLED IN THE DUST IF THE IMMEDIATE PERIL IS TO BE AVERTED, AND THE SOUL OF FRANCE IS TO BE FREED.

We have hesitated too long to face the brutal fact that Darlan's Vichy is our deadly enemy. Look round the world for the measure of that enmity.

Wherever we turn it is Darlan's treachery that has been the root of our misfortunes. In the Mediterranean, in Libya, in Syria, in North-West Africa, in the Atlantic—everywhere our difficulties and our perils have been due to Darlan's malignant influence.

Most serious of all the evils he has brought upon us is the catastrophe in the Pacific. For without the shameful surrender of Indo-China to the Japanese the tragedy in Malaya would have been impossible.

* * *

The critics of this country, at home and abroad, would do well to remember all this when they rail at our failures to do this or that, here, there and everywhere. The ground for astonishment is not that we did so little. The miracle is that, deserted by our ally and left alone to fight the mightiest conspiracy this world has ever witnessed, we did so much. The miracle is that we survived at all.

Do you suppose that in June, 1940, the craven traitor Darlan thought that in February, 1942, we should still be erect in the ring, with the United States and Russia at our side?

No. The chicken's neck was to be wrung that summer. A British victory was "an absurd hypothesis."

He knows better to-day. But he is Hitler's prisoner—tied to his chariot wheels. In selling France, he has sold himself. He cannot escape if he would, and he dare not if he could.

For he is the chief of the squalid tribe of quislings. The safety of his neck and of the necks of his fellow-traitors, the pimp Laval, the crook Bonnet and the rest, depends on Hitler keeping his jack-boot on the neck of France.

Darlan, when he came here before France's collapse, carefully masked the hatred he has always felt for Britain

The day that jack-boot is lifted, it is not the Daladiers and Blums who will be in the dock at Riom. It is they, the traitors, whom the fury of a betrayed people will send to the scaffold.

The very failure of Darlan's crime deepens its hold upon him. Hitler's victory means life and power to him. The deliverance of France means death to him.

* * *

This is the central fact of the situation for us. This is the reason why Darlan's Vichy has been, is and must be our most deadly enemy. This is why all attempts to appease it and make terms with it are doomed to failure.

Why have the attempts been made? Not because Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have, or ever had, any illusions about Darlan and Vichy. They know the man as a scoundrel, and his Government as a gang of traitors.

THEY HAVE NOT STRUCK, RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY, BECAUSE THEY KNOW THE HITLER-DARLAN GAME. THE PURPOSE OF THAT GAME IS SIMPLE.

France has been betrayed, crushed and plundered. But her spirit has not been conquered. It has been stunned as by a hammer blow. But its hatred of the enemy remains. Its loyalty to its ally remains. Given time it will rise to its knees and to its feet and be France, the France of the "Marseillaise," again. It is to prevent this that the Hitler-Darlan knavery is directed.

No stroke of Hitler has been more diabolically cunning than his handling of France. By dividing it and setting up a dummy Quisling Government in the South he has got everything he wanted for nothing.

He has stripped France bare and his quisling says "Generous Germany." He has prevented a rival Government being set up in Colonial France and has made the French colonies counters in his game. His quisling has nobbled the fleet in his interest.

The poor doddering defeatist Pétain has provided the mask behind which, through the Press and the radio, Hitler seeks to destroy the national spirit of France. He keeps the flower of the nation prisoners, hostages and slaves—a million and a half of them. And through Darlan he holds down forty million people with a mere shadow army of his own.

And all the time he is working with one end in view. That is to bring about a crisis which will swing the French people, in despair or anger, to his side.

When that moment is reached, if ever, the mask will be thrown off. The sham of Vichy will be declared. We shall be at war, not with a gang of traitors, but with the French Nation. And then the French fleet and the French colonies will be mobilised behind Hitler.

* * *

That is the Hitler-Darlan plot. And it is to defeat that plot, to avoid antagonising the French nation and driving it into the arms of Hitler and Darlan, that our policy towards Vichy has been directed. It is a wise policy, but, carried too far, there is grave danger in it.

And the danger point is on us. Evidence of this comes in two shapes. One relates to the ominous indications of the effect which the ceaseless barrage of Hitler-Darlan propaganda is having on a broken and despairing people.

The other is in the events of the last two months. Just as Japan kept up her sham negotiations with Roosevelt until the knife was planted in his back, so Darlan has sought to keep Roosevelt helpful and unalarmed until the hour has struck and the mine can be sprung.

That he has been lying about the help which Rommel has got from Vichy is now clear as noonday.

And it is no less clear that in the Western Mediterranean French ports and French ships have, under the rose, been at the service of the enemy. Finally, the transfer of the *Dunkerque* to Toulon is an event of the most sinister import.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ALL THIS CANNOT AND MUST NOT BE MISREAD. THE HITLER-DARLAN PLOT HAS MATURED AND AT ANY MOMENT THE MINE MAY BE SPRUNG. HITLER WILL CHOOSE THE MOMENT, AND THE BAD PATCH WE HAVE STRUCK OFFERS HIM HIS CHANCE.

We must anticipate the stroke from whatever direction it comes. We must no longer hesitate to face Darlan and Vichy as open enemies while relying on the French nation to be true to its glorious past as the standard-bearer of the liberties of mankind.

When we take the gloves off to Darlan the French people will know that their hour of fate is upon them. If the spirit of the "Marseillaise" is not dead in them they will leap to the summons.

Why Gamelin Won't Talk

OF all the French statesmen and generals flung into jail after their country's collapse, General Gamelin was known to be the most active in preparing his defence.

Yet the moment the Riom trial began he proclaimed his decision to remain dumb.

Why?

Clearly it was a last-minute decision, and it seems certain that it resulted from some shady bargain with the Vichy traitors—probably the promise that he would be released in a short time.

* * *

Whatever the arrangement, the few words Gamelin did utter give the clue to Vichy's anxiety that he should not speak.

"If I defended myself," he said, "I should have to utter certain French and foreign names which I am determined not to mention. My most ardent wish is that the army might remain the guarantor of our country's independence."

French names?

There is only one—Marshal Pétain — whose exposure would shatter what is left of the authority of the French army.

For many years before the war he was Inspector-General of the Forces and a member of the Supreme Council of National Defence. Therefore, he would inevitably share responsibility in the two main charges at the trial—inadequate equipment and the blunder of the Maginot-minded defensive strategy.

Pétain's guilt goes further. With his almost saintly prestige as the "Victor of Verdun" he damned the 1935 warning of General de Gaulle (then a colonel) that France must build up a strong mechanised army.

Later, in 1936, when General Chauvineau, of the Paris War School, in his book, "Is an Invasion Possible?" stated that neither tanks nor aeroplanes were of any offensive value, Pétain wrote an introduction in which he stated: "It would be unwise to endorse the conclusions of De Gaulle."

And the "foreign names" Gamelin refuses to utter?

Not likely to utter. Gamelin wouldn't hesitate to please Vichy by blaming Britain if he could.

No, the "foreign name," I believe, is that of King Leopold of Belgium.

* *

Long before Gamelin's sudden decision to remain silent his friends and defenders explained that, if Belgium was invaded, he was determined to wait for the Germans on the prepared and partly fortified line along the Franco-Belgium frontier.

He contended, it was said, that since King Leopold refused all staff talks after withdrawal from the Locarno Pact, defence of Belgium could not be improvised.

He declared it was dangerous folly to move the French army forward. Yet when Holland and Belgium were invaded and King Leopold frantically appealed for Franco-British aid Premier Paul Reynaud disregarded the warning.

Gamelin's hand was forced, so his friends explained, and rather than provoke a major crisis by resigning at such a critical moment, he yielded to the Government's order, with the catastrophic result he prophesied.

* * *

How far this version is true—by what I heard in competent circles in those crucial days in Paris there is a good deal of truth in it—it would be of supreme historical interest to find out through the trial of Riom.

But Gamelin's sudden silence—which is, by the way, utterly unfair to Daladier, who stuck to his Generalissimo all the time and answered Gamelin's dismissal with his own resignation from the Reynaud Cabinet—will perhaps not prevent a lifting of the veil.

Leon Blum and Daladier have already shown that they are determined to mention all names—French or foreign—and all the facts.

The court may try to gag them by order of Vichy. But in the long run that won't help Pétain or anybody else. The truth will break through, if not now in Riom, then later and elsewhere.

V. S.

MARCH 7, 1942

DARLAN

ent in the South he
ted for nothing.
nce bare and his
Germany." He has
nent being set up in
made the French
ame. His quisling
is interest.
defeatist Pétain has
which, through the
ler seeks to destroy
ance. He keeps the
oners, hostages and
half of them. And
down forty million
w army of his own.
is working with one
bring about a crisis
ch people, in despair

is reached, if ever,
off. The sham of
We shall be at war,
itors, but with the
en the French fleet
s will be mobilised

*

Darlan plot. And it
o avoid antagonising
driving it into the
lan, that our policy
directed. It is a wise
far, there is grave

t is on us. Evidence
apes. One relates to
of the effect which

the ceaseless barrage of Hitler-Darlan propaganda is having on a broken and despairing people.

The other is in the events of the last two months. Just as Japan kept up her sham negotiations with Roosevelt until the knife was planted in his back, so Darlan has sought to keep Roosevelt helpful and unalarmed until the hour has struck and the mine can be sprung.

That he has been lying about the help which Rommel has got from Vichy is now clear as noonday.

And it is no less clear that in the Western Mediterranean French ports and French ships have, under the rose, been at the service of the enemy. Finally, the transfer of the *Dunkerque* to Toulon is an event of the most sinister import.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ALL THIS CANNOT AND MUST NOT BE MISREAD. THE HITLER-DARLAN PLOT HAS MATURED AND AT ANY MOMENT THE MINE MAY BE SPRUNG. HITLER WILL CHOOSE THE MOMENT, AND THE BAD PATCH WE HAVE STRUCK OFFERS HIM HIS CHANCE.

We must anticipate the stroke from whatever direction it comes. We must no longer hesitate to face Darlan and Vichy as open enemies while relying on the French nation to be true to its glorious past as the standard-bearer of the liberties of mankind.

When we take the gloves off to Darlan the French people will know that their hour of fate is upon them. If the spirit of the "Marseillaise" is not dead in them they will leap to the summons.

Gamelin Won't Talk

tesmen
g into
untry's
Gamelin
ctive in

m trial
ision to

-minute
in that
bargain
robably
be re-

nt, the
give the
hat he

he said,
certain
which I
on. My
he army
of our

Marshal
would
uthority

war he
e Forces
he Coun-
herefore,
respon-
arges at
ent and

the blunder of the Maginot-minded defensive strategy.

Pétain's guilt goes further. With his almost saintly prestige as the "Victor of Verdun" he damned the 1935 warning of General de Gaulle (then a colonel) that France must build up a strong mechanised army.

Later, in 1936, when General Chauvineau, of the Paris War School, in his book "Is an Invasion Possible?" stated that neither tanks nor aeroplanes were of any offensive value, Pétain wrote an introduction in which he stated: "It would be unwise to endorse the conclusions of De Gaulle."

And the "foreign names" Gamelin refuses to utter?

Not likely to be British, because Gamelin wouldn't hesitate to please Vichy by blaming Britain if he could.

No, the "foreign name," I believe, is that of King Leopold of Belgium.

* * *

Long before Gamelin's sudden decision to remain silent his friends and defenders complained that, if Belgium was invaded, he was determined to wait for the Germans on the prepared and partly fortified line along the Franco-Belgium frontier.

He contended, it was said, that since King Leopold refused all staff talks after withdrawal from the Locarno Pact, defence of Belgium could not be improvised.

He declared it was dangerous folly to move the French army forward. Yet when Holland and Belgium were invaded and King Leopold frantically appealed for Franco-British aid Premier Paul Reynaud disregarded the warning.

Gamelin's hand was forced, so his friends explained, and rather than provoke a major crisis by resigning at such a critical moment, he yielded to the Government's order, with the catastrophic result he prophesied.

* * *

How far this version is true—by what I heard in competent circles in those crucial days in Paris there is a good deal of truth in it—it would be of supreme historical interest to find out through the trial of Riom.

But Gamelin's sudden silence—which is, by the way, utterly unfair to Daladier, who stuck to his Generalissimo all the time and answered Gamelin's dismissal with his own resignation from the Reynaud Cabinet—will perhaps not prevent a lifting of the veil.

Leon Blum and Daladier have already shown that they are determined to mention all names—French or foreign—and all the facts.

The court may try to gag them by order of Vichy. But in the long run that won't help Pétain or anybody else. The truth will break through, if not now in Riom, then later and elsewhere.

V. S.

The Nazis need every man, woman and child on whom they can lay their hands, for Hitler's production drive is his supreme all-in effort.

Dr. Mansfeld, appointed production dictator by Hitler, is ruthlessly overhauling Germany's industrial system

Germany Calling All Slaves

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

IT is do or die for Hitler now!

And from the evidence which I have accumulated, it seems as if he is trying to do a lot before he dies.

He has thrown Germany into a last desperate effort, military and industrial, and he is calling on the whole of occupied Europe to support his last great drive.

All-Out Effort

On the success of this drive will depend whether Germany can survive the smashing blows of the great Russian offensive; whether the wide gaps in the ranks of the German armies can once more be filled; whether new arms and munitions can be substituted for the masses of war materials expended in half a dozen German campaigns and, particularly, in Russia and Libya.

Hitler is convinced it can be done.

Nazi officials are touring Germany to exhort the workers to a huge all-out effort, promising them an effective Spring offensive which will bring victory.

Weary, exhausted, disillusioned though they are, they may well heed his call to "Work, work, work!" in the hope of ending the war quickly.

A new production dictator, recently appointed by Hitler, is ruthlessly overhauling Germany's industrial system.

His name is Dr. Mansfeld, and he is just the man to do what Hitler expects.

Women are forced into jobs whether they like it or not; fifteen-sixteen-, seventeen-year-old boys are taking the places of workers in the Forces, and old men up to the age of seventy have been recalled to the benches, into the mines and foundries, factories and wharves.

But Hitler, who has always complained that he has not enough living space for his Germans, has now not enough Germans for his living space.

The German Press has ominously hinted at the Nazi Government's intention of remedying the labour shortage, the lack of manpower for this last vast drive: "In ancient Rome," a German paper wrote, "they used slaves to the greatest advantage of the community!"

"Calling all slaves!" is, indeed, Hitler's slogan on which he bases his hopes of success.

Gathering the Workers

We have, during the last few weeks, observed his agents travelling to and from the occupied countries ordering the puppet rulers and the quisling leaders to send their workers to Germany.

Two hundred and fifty thousand Italians have already been transported to the *Reich*, where they are employed in odd jobs, mainly agriculture, thus releasing Germans for key jobs and for the front.

Norwegian patriots, Socialists and Trade Unionists have been handed over by Quisling to the Nazi conqueror, who no longer sends them to concentration camps.

Under heavy guard they are forced to work for Germany, to build roads and fortifications behind the front lines, sometimes even under fire from the enemies of Germany whom they regard as their friends.

Peasants of a dozen countries must leave their own farms to work as serfs in wealthier agricultural areas to supply food for Germany.

Even the French are wholly engaged in slave labour for Hitler's armament production, and the defiant Czechs are set to work on arms for, instead of against, Germany.

Undeterred by the danger of retaliation, the Nazis are using Polish, Jugoslav, Greek prisoners of war for military work in defiance of international laws.

Because these nations hold no German prisoners, their soldiers must now work for Hitler for nothing.

British prisoners of war are building roads, and the Russians are being sorted out and detailed to vital jobs.

Not Sleeping Now

Hitler once emerged from a winter of apparent calm and inactivity to boast to the world: "I have not slept these last few months!"

He is certainly not allowing the German workers and the European slaves to sleep now. Though they hate the cause for which they are forced to work, they cannot escape from the bayonets, from the muzzles of machine-guns with which they are surrounded.

But Hitler could not hope to stage a successful military comeback with arms and munitions and food alone.

His armies have been decimated; the number of casualties is fearful, and epidemics are still ravaging the ranks of his divisions as he tries to regroup them.

He will not let that stop him from gathering a mass of humanity with which to stem the Russian tide, to guard against British attack, and, eventually, to launch his much-vaunted Spring offensive.

"Slaves," he says, "should not only work. They must also fight!"

So he proceeds to form legions of the men who are really his enemies. And he prepares to lead them into battle by his side.

That ambitious Rumanian "little Hitler," General Antonescu, has just been to Berlin to listen humbly to Hitler's requests: 300,000 more Rumanian soldiers to replace their countrymen whom the Russian armies have already annihilated.

With a little more courtesy, the Finnish Field-Marshal Mannerheim has, in effect, been told the same.

Goering, during his recent visit to Italy, can be relied upon to have demanded stronger Italian military contingents in no uncertain terms.

And Mussolini, the jackal, has no alternative but to send a few more Italian divisions to their death in Russia.

Hungary, Slovakia and Holland have also been commanded to find troops for Germany.

Home to Roost?

From Franco, Hitler has so far only received one miserable Spanish division for service in Russia; but, more recently, also a promise of "a million Spaniards" if Russian troops march on Berlin.

Franco may soon have to implement his promise.

And, finally, French Colonial troops are being released from German prison camps if they promise active military co-operation with the German forces.

It certainly looks like a European mobilisation.

Hitler means it to be just that.

But it may not all work out as he plans it. His big battalions of slave labour have yet to show their efficiency; his divisions of foreign legionaries have yet to prove their willingness and their ability to fight like those German troops whose graves are scattered across the Russian plains.

But it is, no doubt, a mighty effort which can only be effectively countered by equal determination on the part of Britain and her great allies.

The great oppressor will squeeze every ounce of strength from his *Ersatz* workers and his *Ersatz* armies.

He knows that if their efforts do not come up to expectations, his last desperate mobilisation will have been in vain.

He will have lost the war!

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

STOP THE RAMP IN SUBSTITUTES!

BACKSTAIR manufacturers of substitutes for well-known commodities are up to new tricks.

Beaten by the Ministry of Food and vigilant public heath authorities in their efforts to sell worthless powders and liquids bearing lying descriptions as to their food value, they have perfected other methods.

They are selling "substitutes" for coal, petrol, leather, boot polish, hairdressings, starch, soap, cosmetics, and a dozen other commodities.

Many are useless.

Those of them that have some small value are being sold at grotesquely inflated prices that sometimes make Black Market racketeering seem a business of comparatively small profits.

There is an article named "Ladderine," of which I have a small packet before me.

Wicked Robbery

It is marketed by the Middlesex Laboratories, of Commerce House, Manchester, a firm which I exposed in January for selling "Coalecon," a supposed fuel-saver, at 1s. 3d. a small packet.

"Coalecon," I found, contained 98 per cent. common salt, and was pretty well worthless for the uses claimed for it.

Despite its slogan "Save Fuel for the Factories," it represented nothing less than wicked robbery on the part of the people exploiting it.

And now what shall I say about "Ladderine"?

You are told that if you steep your silk stockings in it, it will "make unsightly ladders a nightmare of the past. You will not suffer indignity and humiliation."

My comment on that is: Buy it, and you will suffer the indignity and humiliation of having been done down.

For I have had this article analysed in laboratories of national repute.

It is made of soap (64.4 per cent.), carbonate of soda (16.9 per cent.), sodium silicate (7.9 per cent.), salt (2.1 per cent.), moisture, etc., lost at 100 deg. C (6.3 per cent.), and combined water (2.4 per cent.).

£10 per Pound!

I will not describe it as completely worthless for, after all, it is alkaline, and anything that neutralises the acidity in stockings due to dying has the virtue of prolonging their lives.

After all, common soap does that. That is why any intelligent woman washes her silk stockings before she wears them.

But what do you have to pay to turn your acid stockings alkali?

The 7½d. packet contains one-twentieth of an ounce. The analytical laboratories report to me that a powder of this kind could be bought in the ordinary way *at less than* 1s. *per lb.*

The contents of the packet I submitted for analysis cost £10 per lb.! Moral: Use soap—it's far, far cheaper.

One of my representatives called at Commerce House, Manchester.

It is an old building let off in numerous offices. But, despite its impressive name, the Middlesex Laboratories has no office there, and no telephone, merely using the premises as an accommodation address from which letters are collected.

Similar ramps are being brought to my attention every week.

Petrol substitutes prove to be quite worthless, one consisting of common charcoal mixed with methylated spirit or paraffin.

Whence the Supplies?

Just as one wonders why firms are allowed to use valuable soap in obvious profiteering rackets, one wonders why such makers are allowed to get supplies of fuel which are admittedly in short supply.

Many of the new hair dressings, after-shaving, bathing and skin preparations, are not worth a portion of the money now asked for them.

There are starch substitutes which are nothing more than hearth powder, and toilet preparations sold at high cost which are nothing more than flour or camouflaged French chalk.

This new kind of cheating by manufacturers of substitutes has come along just as the Ministry of Food is making it impossible to sell worthless powders and liquids "just as good as" eggs, oranges, sugar, and so on.

The Ministry now insists that makers of these "substitutes" shall seek a licence—which entails submitting an analysis prepared by an approved chemist.

What devastating results it has had against this form of roguery can be judged from the fact that, out of 1,500 *applications for licences, only* 400 *have so far been granted.*

Many of the manufacturers have sought new fields. They want to keep clear of the Food Ministry.

So the licensing precaution should be adapted to *all* substitutes, without delay.

The Board of Trade should have power to drive every substitute off the market that isn't a good article selling at a reasonable price.

For if there is one kind of profiteering that is as bad as Black Market racketeering, it is this.

Mr. Hugh Dalton, fresh in his office as President of the Board of Trade, must act at once

It's YOUR Food They're Getting

LORD WOOLTON should watch the canteens.

He will find a vast leakage of food supplies which must be stemmed.

There are wanglers in these places—as recent prosecutions have shown there are in N.A.A.F.I. canteens, clubs and cafés.

* * *

They should be driven out. And there should be more effective comparison of the food supplied to these places and the total of meals consumed.

According to an overseer at one London factory, food was drawn for 100 workers—although 30 to 50 per cent. of them went home to their meals.

It is alleged that the surplus left in private cars.

Then many hundreds of the 2,000 people employed in a big works in the Home Counties leave the premises for their meals.

Food for the whole number, however, continues to be supplied to the canteen.

It is just as easy for social clubs.

Investigation has shown that one club regularly received quantities far in excess of its rations.

Stored away on club premises were large quantities of tinned foods, lard, margarine, bacon and jam. The official rations allowed were a fraction of what was found.

Remembering how many tens of thousands of such clubs there are, one can realise how big the leakage must be over the country as a whole, despite the fact that most of them are run honestly.

That is the trouble with nearly all the abuses that are infuriating decent people. Offenders are a minority, but the results of their treachery can be very widespread.

Then why are suppliers allowed to provide goods far in excess of the permitted amounts?

It was found recently that the proprietor of a café in Wales had obtained an excess of rationed goods amounting to 1½ tons in a period of thirty-nine weeks.

* * *

And it was not long ago that a N.A.A.F.I. inspector was found to have at his home 666 tins of sausage, salmon, etc.; 444 bars of chocolate; 200 meat cubes; and 30 lb. of dried fruits, tea and sugar.

How on earth had he been able to buy such supplies from N.A.A.F.I.—getting a special discount into the bargain?

I am fully aware that the Food Ministry makes periodic checks on the flow of food to canteens, cafés, clubs, etc. But I am not satisfied that these checks are effective.

There are too many loopholes. There isn't a keen enough watch to ascertain what use is made of these various establishments.

Unless there is a tightening up all round, the public, who can only have what is left when the wanglers have taken their pick, will suffer.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

The £1 1s. award goes this week to Mrs. Margaret Briggs, Halliday Place, Upper Armley, Leeds, for useful information which is being investigated.

Send any particulars of scandals or rackets to me at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking envelopes Public Benefactor.

They will Fly Home Through Hell

IT is a remarkable sidelight on modern war that science has failed to oust the pigeon from its pride of place as a battle communication system of "last ditch" reliability and speed.

Each branch of the Service has its own pigeon corps.

Their numbers and training details may not be disclosed, but it can be said they are far greater than at the close of the last war, when the British Army pigeon personnel consisted of nearly 25,000 birds, 500 soldier keepers and about 200 mobile lofts.

Thanks to the thousands of pre-war fanciers in the British Isles—among them the King—our pigeons to-day are serving the country magnificently.

The average performance of a Service bird is a flight of 500 miles a day at a flying speed of about 40 miles an hour.

Pigeons will not fly at night unless released after dark.

Unsolved Mysteries

Nothing short of serious wounds or death will stop a pigeon getting home.

The urge to reach its home loft and its uncanny sense of direction are mysteries which scientists have tried in vain to solve.

To safeguard our pigeon communications, hawk destruction is encouraged by the Government and falconry is banned.

The pigeon corps has its own rules, and is able to draw on the experience and willing co-operation of every fancier in the kingdom.

The Sandringham lofts were among the first to be placed at the disposal of the Services.

Birds are bred with the greatest care and consideration—a hen flyer even has three days' compassionate leave each time she lays an egg. Her mate looks after the nest in the intervals.

Saved Many Lives

Many of the exploits of this war's pigeons have already passed into history. Scores of wrecked crews—both ship and 'plane—owe their lives to these birds.

On one occasion the pigeon only got clear of a bomber 'plane a few feet above a stormy sea, but inside four hours a rescue party had found and saved the airmen.

There are many stories of the courage and great heart of these birds. They fly on as long as they have strength to keep them in the air.

These stories may not yet be told, though records are carefully kept, but many of them rank with the exploit of Pigeon No. 2709, who brought back a vital message during the battle of Menin in 1917, and whose remains are preserved in the war museum.

Shot down by the Germans, she rested the night in cold, driving rain as she gathered her strength for the morning.

Fluttering her way through a barrage of shot and shell, she managed to reach her loft to drop exhausted. She died of a ruptured heart as she was picked up a moment later, even before the message could be taken off her leg.

The Nazis, too, have their own pigeon service, but if pre-war international tests are any criterion they have still a long way to go before they can breed birds of the same stamina and efficiency as ours.

VIVIAN MEIK.

The Madman and the Green Powder

I reached out my right hand and found a big brass pestle . . .

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

IN a psychiatric clinic in France in 1924 there was a patient named Chenu, who, for nearly twenty-five years, had puzzled the brain-doctors with his peculiar madness.

His insanity was indefinable. They could not attach a name or a category to it. Chenu had no delusions of grandeur, no melancholia, no persecution-mania, no schizophrenia—nothing that patient watchers of human disability have observed and noted in text-books.

His heredity was normal. His physical health was good. He was, furthermore, a man of highly cultivated intelligence. For about fifteen years he had worked as a chemist. He had been a studious and skilful man.

An apothecary's which he had opened, failed; he was not a good business man, and had little idea of money.

Then he had gone to work for a doctor whom (out of consideration for his family) I shall call Kervalen.

Dr. Kervalen and Chenu became good friends. Chenu worked peacefully with the doctor for three years. Then, one night, he went mad.

He killed Doctor Kervalen with a heavy brass pestle, smashing his skull to pieces.

Then he set fire to Kervalen's little laboratory. The police found him on the doorstep across the street, helplessly weeping.

Chenu gave no coherent account of his crime. He said: "I had to do it." Why? He stammered, became wildly excited, wept. His nerves were in a condition of awful debility.

He was handed over to the medical authorities; and they said that Chenu was quite mad . . . mad as a hatter . . . but mad with a madness beyond definition.

He died in 1925. He had made friends with a young doctor in the clinic. And the doctor, in due course, recounted the story Chenu had told him.

He said: "I admit that Chenu was crazy; a psychotic, if you like. I admit also that madmen get strange delusions, and tell queer tales—and believe them. But what Chenu said was, after all, not beyond the bounds of possibility. I keep an open mind on the subject. . . ."

And so he repeated what the little lunatic Chenu had said to him.

★ ★ ★

KERVALEN was an ordinary country doctor when I first knew him (said Chenu). He was a man of considerable ability. He had few outside interests, and spent most of his evenings dabbling in researches into narcotics.

He had spent several years on the opium derivatives. Then, having achieved nothing, Kervalen turned his attention to the substance called chlorophyll.

I do not need to tell you what chlorophyll is. It is the foundation of all life. It is that which makes grass grow green. Without chlorophyll, life would perish from the earth.

Kervalen was a pioneer in chlorophyll researches. I believe he was one of the very first doctors to treat arterio-sclerosis with chlorophyll

In other circumstances and a different environment, Kervalen might have been a benefactor of humanity.

He knew how good his brain was: and he bitterly resented the fact that he had been born and bred in this country town; that duty had compelled him to take over his father's practice and let his greater capacities rot while he cured colds, stomach-aches and sprained ankles.

I did not know how deeply this bitterness had sunk into him—not until later. Nor was I aware of the terrible, the overwhelming will to power that was the driving urge of the man. He had to lead, to dominate.

Of course, I, being mentally so far his inferior, but having—thank God—enough discrimination to recognise his superior mind, let him dominate me without argument.

He was the master: I was the pupil and assistant; for technically I was a man of considerable skill; nor was I without patience and imagination.

Do not ask me any details of what we did, because I would die rather than tell you.

(At this point Chenu became violent and did not resume the thread of his wandering narrative for several days.)

The process was simple, as it ultimately transpired—ridiculously simple; horribly simple.

What it meant was this: that out of a basket of any green stuff—cabbage-leaves, grass, or anything green that grows—by means of extremely delicate combinations and exceptionally careful checkings of temperature — Kervalen could make about 500 grammes of the greenish crystalline powder which he called *Paradisiac 1.*

By a series of brilliant intuitions and fortuitous chances, Kervalen had discovered a new drug, a product, so to speak, of the degeneration of chlorophyll.

Paradisiac 1 was a terrible drug. Cocaine has a hold on those addicted to it, so has heroin; so has morphine. But *Paradisiac 1* was infinitely more terrible than these three terrible drugs.

It combined the effects of a terribly powerful hallucinant, a narcotic, and a hypnotic.

The minutest quantity of *Paradisiac 1* sent you—as its name implies—to paradise.

Your brain cleared (or you thought it did) . . . you saw the world through new eyes . . everything was charming . . . you laughed . . . you were happy.

In due course you slept and had indescribably beautiful dreams.

BUT when you awoke! Ah, then! You were so utterly dejected that you wanted to die. You were as wretched as you had previously been happy. You were delirious with misery.

And after only one dose, taken through skin, mucous membrane, or by the mouth—after only one dose of *Paradisiac 1* you had only one ambition and one desire—to get more.

I absorbed some of it by accident. Kervalen and I both watched the effects. It was marvellous and horrible. At eight in the morning I had been an ordinary man.

By midnight I was an abject slave of the drug *Paradisiac 1.*

AND then, the will to power in Kervalen broke out as a volcano erupts. He seemed to become mad. He talked to me.

"My poor Chenu, you have fallen completely under the spell of this stuff," he said, with deep pity. Then he thought deeply for two hours.

Then his eyes lit up, and he began to laugh. "Not in the category of forbidden drugs," he said. "There could be a fortune in it . . a huge fortune. One dose, in the wine at a banquet. . . ."

Then he said: "Chenu! It is highly soluble in water. Then imagine fifty kilos of *Paradisiac 1* in the water supply of a city!

"Overnight, one could become king of that city, in exchange for one tiny pinch per day, per head of population! Thunder of God, Chenu!"

And he went out for a walk. He came back an hour later. He said: "I have been walking round the waterworks. To work, Chenu!"

I said: "No, Kervalen."

He said: "To work, I say!" The effects of my last dose of *Paradisiac 1* were wearing away. I felt inside me that fearful craving for the stuff . . that craving which for twenty years has not left me in peace!

Kervalen saw this, and took from his drawer a little bottle. "A small dose, Chenu?" he said.

I trembled in every limb. The misery of the drug had me by the throat. I said: "Oh yes, please, yes yes, my good Kervalen."

He measured out a small dose. I reached out my hand to take it. But in that instant a great chain of thoughts rushed through my head like an express train through a tunnel.

I saw myself a slave for ever to Kervalen and his green drug. Worse . . . I saw the whole town perhaps more towns, enslaved by Kervalen . . eaten up by false happiness, by pretty dreams, and dreadful reactions of wretchedness.

I am saying to you that every little tiny nerve in my whole body . . . millions and billions of little nerves . . . were all shrieking and trembling for this atrocious drug that we had found.

But in that instant the spirit of God came upon me. I swept the powder to the ground. I saw it twinkle in the sunbeams as it fell.

THEN, as Kervalen cried, "Clumsy fool!" I reached out my right hand and found a big brass pestle, a massive and formidable club.

I was small but stocky and strong. I swung it with all my might, and with a kind of inspired force which God gave me in that moment.

I smashed Kervalen as if a thunderbolt had struck him; in one wild blow . . . as the police will tell you.

Then I scattered all Kervalen's papers, all his apparatus. I was afraid that one word of his wicked formula, one figure, might escape.

I threw down a glass jar which contained alcohol for our experiments . . burst a jar of spirit for our lamps . . smashed a great container of kerosene which fed our lights . . went to the door, struck a match and threw it in.

The place went up in a great *whuff* of stinking white flame . . . and then I found myself in the street, crying. . . .

They said I was a criminal. They said I was mad. But how could they know that I was a hero, a great man, one of the saviours of humanity?

★ ★ ★

That is the story the little madman told.

Human Machine

HE'S AN EXPERT

● The other day, one man was watching another at work.

The workman was an expert electrician, and he was deep into the other man's wireless set.

Bits and pieces were strewn all around. Screws, washers and all sorts of things were continually added to the heaps. Everything was, to the uninitiated eye, in a state of complete confusion.

Then, all at once, the reverse process began. The screws and the washers and the bits and pieces began to go back into the set.

Finally the last one disappeared. The back of the set was screwed down, the switch was turned—and the set worked once more.

"What I can't understand," said the watcher, "is how you know just where to look for the trouble, and how you know just what to do to put it right. You never seem to be in any doubt. You never do anything wrong. You never do anything twice. Why?"

The other smiled. "I dislike work intensely," he said. "I've always disliked work. I'm lazy. Terribly lazy. So I decided long ago to learn my job very thoroughly, so that when I had anything to do I should be able to do it at once, *and do it right first time.* As a result, I don't waste time, energy, or anything else."

Well, there's an expert's own account of his "expertness"—in his own words, and every word meant.

This particular man is lazy.

He's almost unbelievably lazy—but he never scamps a job.

He never does a bad job.

He never dodges a job.

All he does is to make sure that he never has to do a job twice. He makes very sure that everything he does is done right first time.

As a recipe for becoming an expert, his rule is hard to beat!

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WHEN serving with the British Expeditionary Force in France, Driver J. Hall, Royal Army Service Corps, had a pal.

Norman Wilson was his name.

Separated from his friend by war circumstances, Driver Hall set himself out to find Norman's relatives.

He wrote to a stranger in Halifax, where he believed Norman lived.

And the stranger has called at the house of Norman Wilson's mother- and father-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend, Woodside Road, Halifax, with this letter:

I want this letter to reach the eyes of the person concerned, Norman Wilson, of Halifax.

He was my friend.

Wilson and I were on an ambulance that was the last vehicle to leave the town.

Arriving at Dieppe, we were told to take some patients from a hospital to an ambulance train on the docks.

We were just unloading them into the train when ten dive-bombers rushed out of the clouds dropping bombs and machine-gunning us.

There was a rush to dive under the train.

Norman Wilson quietly went on smoking, with the words: "Light one. You can't smoke in hell."

For an hour we were dive-bombed. The docks were reduced to a shambles.

Two hospital ships, a few yards away from us, were set on fire and sunk.

The train under which we were sheltering was on fire. At last the heat drove us to new refuge—but we heard the voice of Norman Wilson: "What about the sisters and patients?"

We went back to the train, which now looked more like a skeleton. Norman dived in, appeared in the doorway with some sisters, and bundled them out

A long time elapsed before he appeared again. We had given up hope of ever seeing him alive. Then he suddenly reappeared out of thick smoke

He had two wounded Indian soldiers trailing from his neck. They had leg wounds. They couldn't walk.

He tried to go back again, but it was now impossible.

We looked towards our ambulance. All that was left was an engine and four wheels

So off we went, now two days behind our unit. The last I saw of Norman Wilson he was singing: "When you get to the end of a perfect day"—his wife's favourite song, he said.

I am proud to say he is my friend. I don't suppose he has got the V.C. But he will be happy enough knowing that a friend thinks he's a good guy.—Driver J. Hall, R.A.S.C.

NO WIRELESS

Meanwhile, Mrs. E. Kitching, Claremont Street, Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, Yorks, whose husband was at Tobruk, has heard he has reached the base, ill. He writes:

Some of the old-timers, out here about eighteen months, are beginning to wonder when a spot of leave will come along.

They've done incredibly well against an enemy that has outnumbered them.

Rationed with water (usually salt, and only a bottle a day for drinking, washing and all purposes), covered with sand all day and all night, with sand in everything you eat and drink, it has been a tough time—with nothing but a hole in the ground to call your home.

Reading of special appeals for lonely soldiers at remote outposts in Britain, we are apt to wonder: Why does nobody send *us* a wireless. When in a wilderness 700 miles from a town we had no wireless set whatsoever.

Still, the lads are not grousers. Tell 'em the job and they'll get on with it.

A LAZY LIFE

JOHN BULL *has often criticised the system under which good soldiers have to do chores for officers who pick them as batmen.*

Confirmation reaches Mrs. Mary Williams, Bright Street, Bradley Road, Wrexham, Denbighshire, from her husband in the Middle East:

All the section is working but me, but because I'm a batman-driver I do nothing. No guards, no fatigues, no parades. Just a completely lazy life—but a complete waste of my time. That's how I look at it, anyway.

By the way, there are beetles here as big as mice. I have even slept with a scorpion under my head. They are supposed to be deadly poisonous.

GOOD OLD RED CROSS

And here is news that will interest the millions of people subscribing to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

It is from Private A. Stentiford, a prisoner of war in Germany, and it tells his mother, who lives at Eigen Crescent Mayhill, Swansea, about Christmas in Stalag XX A 45:

We started off on Christmas Day with tea in bed, made by two old "sweats" keen on looking after the lads.

Then, due to the careful saving of food sent out by the Red Cross, we had a breakfast of bacon, beans and fried bread. Good old Red Cross!

Then a good Christmas dinner of Red Cross roast pork with Red Cross Christmas pudding.

After that came yet another meal—the Christmas party proper, at 6 o'clock.

We had rissoles, spuds, peas and gravy, followed by apple rings and jelly, and, last of all, tarts, paste sandwiches, and a big Christmas cake.

Jack, who had looked forward to the songs the three Welshmen were to sing, had passed out, due to the big meal. We found him on his back, fast asleep.

They're Ashamed

Every week Humanist tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

By HUMANIST

IS the war making people more callous? Is the constant presence of tragedy making us indifferent to sorrow and suffering?

A man is asking this question because he has had the misfortune to lose his wife. His story is pathetic.

Throughout her last illness (*he writes*), **not a soul came to inquire or to visit her, and at the final rites I was the only mourner. There was not a single floral tribute.**

The family dreads visitors, because the father lets them down

In the cemetery chapel after the undertaker had left, the officiating clergyman and I were alone. He gave me no word of consolation or sympathy.

Since then I have had neither callers nor letters of condolence. Yet I am living within a mile of my place of birth, and was formerly regarded as a man with many friends.

"Man's inhumanity to man" is an old story, in peace as well as in war. Our poets have said some bitter things about ingratitude—it is more unkind than the winter wind.

We all meet with examples.

But one of the most ironical things is a show of sympathy in the presence of death when it is too late. A little kindliness a little earlier would have been much more appreciated.

HERE is a letter from a widow who was left with a child of two:

It was heart-rending to have to give up my home and put my boy with a stranger; but she was good to him. I had hard work to pay for his board.

The years sped on, and the time came when he was ready for work. I got a humble home together, but that meant giving up my regular job. I did some day cleaning, and somehow we managed to make ends meet.

He has lately become engaged, and the girl has changed my boy into a selfish man.

Worst of all, he says he hates me because he was dragged up in lodgings, and never had a home like other boys. I only wanted his love, but I have failed to keep it.

Can you tell me why?

I suppose the explanation is that he is engrossed in this girl, and resents any third person's presence.

It is probable, too, that the girl does not like the mother and is poisoning the boy's mind against her. If so, he ought to realise that she is a selfish type who will want to monopolise him altogether when they are married.

ANOTHER problem comes from a woman reader:

Now that young people have so many advantages (*she writes*), **they often rise above the level of their parents. A successful son or daughter may move in circles which the father and mother would be unable to enter.**

A young man rises from a council

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

DENSITY of traffic no longer justifies one-way streets, which nevertheless create traffic diversions responsible for a great waste of petrol.—T. Renshaw, Abbey Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.

* * *

Because a local 'bus company was crying out for conductresses, I applied—to be told at the Employment Exchange: "No, you can't have the job. You are single. If you lived in another town you could have it."—Miss W. R., Bridge Road, Coalville, Leicester.

* * *

It was bad psychology springing the news of soap rationing on the women of this country on a Monday—the national wash day.—S. R., Devon.

* * *

Western Command orders that, in future, Army cars on two days each week must only be used in cases of greatest urgency. But this is a seven-day-a-week war. The rule should be to use them at any time when it is strictly necessary.—P. S., Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire.

* * *

Policeman told me I had to billet airmen from neighbouring R.A.F. Camp. Corporal said they were coming. One brought me money for keep, without any information to enlighten me—and no receipt needed.—Mrs. E. H. N. (address available to authorities, but not for publication).

* * *

Silly, all this condemnation of Army bands that fulfil public engagements. As long as they are available in a military emergency, let them be used to spread happiness and stimulate tired workers. V. Abbott, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent. (*There would be little objection to this if the public were satisfied that all military bandsmen were fully trained to act as soldiers "in a military emergency."*—EDITOR.)

SHOCKING WASTE OF SALVAGE

MUCH work has yet to be done on the Salvage Front if the War against Waste is to be won.

In many areas there is still far too much slackness on the part of salvage officers and the public.

Here is a typical case—and a disgrace to the local council.

A butcher in an East Coast town has fifty-two large bully beef tins each week.

Hearing about the need for saving metal, he cleaned the empty tins and set them aside for collection.

Weeks passed, the pile of tins mounted higher, but nobody called to collect them.

In desperation he wrote to the Salvage Officer, who replied to the effect that *he had no means of disposing of the tins even if they were collected!*

The butcher is now compelled to consign his weekly collection of tins to the local rubbish dump!

From Yorkshire comes a complaint that salvage material which has been carefully collected is being used to fill up bomb holes in the locality!

In the same county, people complain that householders are forced to burn their salvage, because nobody calls to collect it.

Between us we can help to stop this dreadful waste of good material which is still going on.

If you know of waste in your district tell us about it.

Give us the facts. We'll do the rest.

# of their Parents

school to a responsible position in a Government Department, and controls a staff of over 100. His father is a rough workman who is not really poor, but he thinks he should do as he likes.

He sits at night in the dining-room with no collar on; his clothes are soiled; and his manners are conspicuous by their absence, especially at meal times.

The family dreads visitors, because the father lets them down. If members of the staff knew what the father was like, they would lose their respect for the son. They would say he was a "nobody."

It is not easy to suggest a remedy for this kind of problem, because there are two sides to it.

The young man's point of view (which usually is also the mother's) is that the father is doing his best to spoil his son's career.

But I imagine the father accuses his son of being snobbish and ashamed of his humble origin.

In such a position, where neither will give way, it would surely be wiser to separate. Why doesn't the son marry and take a house a mile or more away?

At the same time, I don't like the idea of a young man disowning his own father, even if the latter likes to sit indoors without a collar and has only rudimentary table manners.

People who would think a man is a "nobody" because his father is a working man are snobs of the worst kind.

But many people have had this kind of problem to face, and it would be interesting to hear what they have done about it.

ONLY last week I had an indignant letter from a mother who resented the airs which her children were putting on.

My elder girl was twenty-one yesterday (*she wrote*), **and asked if she could have a party to celebrate.**

As you may know, it isn't easy giving a party in war time, but I was willing to do my best. But when she was getting out the invitations, she calmly said: "Of course, you and Dad will clear out for the evening."

That made me see red. I know I don't talk refined English and am a bit rough in my ways, but I wasn't going to be hidden away like a family skeleton. I refused to go. I said, "Either we come to your party or you don't have one."

She dropped the party, and now I feel a bit conscience-stricken. It spoilt her twenty-first birthday for her.

My husband thinks I did wrong. He wouldn't have minded being turned out of the home. But I have got a little pride, even if I'm not as well educated as I might be.

To a girl of twenty-one, appearances do matter a great deal, and parents should realise the fact. But that is not the main question.

I think it is a pity that the girl was so snobbish, though I can't help feeling sorry that she did not have a memorable birthday. But it was her own fault. She ought to have known that her suggestion would hurt her mother.

No one ought to be ashamed of honest poverty. As Burns said:

A man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

SOME OF THE ANSWERS

WHERE ARE THE M.P.s?

● Except when the Premier himself is speaking, there is seldom more than a handful of M.P.s in the House. Ministers often make speeches to empty benches. Readers complain to me that, even allowing for those Members in the Services or urgently engaged elsewhere, it looks as if there are far too many slackers.

On the other hand, I would say that Parliament has recently done a good job of work. Its criticisms have been frank. They have had a great effect on Government policy. Questioning has probed into many abuses.

Then, generally, M.P.s read *Hansard* all through, and get acquainted with the full debates that way.

IS "WISHFUL THINKING" STILL GENERAL?

● You would think that the disasters in the Far East would have ended wishful thinking.

But we are still told, with regular frequency, that Germany is short of such essentials as oil.

Our own shortage of essentials should concern us, not Germany's troubles.

Rigid economy should be enforced. The nation is prepared for any sacrifices—but they must be told what is needed.

SHOULD SPORT BE RATIONED?

● Football should continue as long as possible. In many dreary towns it is the only relaxation except the cinema.

Racing, already cut down to what leading owners claim to be necessary for the sport of bloodstock, will, no doubt, be further restricted.

But how is it possible for so many thousands to go to daylight dog-racing, which only encourages betting when more fuel-saving is needed?

As for the so-called big "fights," why aren't all the hefty and muscular pugilists in the Commandos? They should be knocking Germans about, not one another.

Then why is it that nearly every boxer in the Army does anything except learn the art of modern warfare? They leave that to clerks, sedentary workers, factory hands taken away from munition-making, and farm hands.

SHOULD ALL STRIKES BE STOPPED?

● In peace time the right to strike must remain, for in extreme circumstances it is the workers' only remedy.

But now the real strike is against Germany, as if the war is lost there will be a complete suppression of all trade unionism.

Any low-wage complaints should be removed by immediate Government action. This would abolish the need for striking, anyway.

WHEN WILL AMERICA START FIGHTING?

● Months ago, Winston arrived at the conclusion that, even if it meant she would send us fewer supplies, it would be better, because of its moral effect, if America declared war

Pearl Harbour decided the matter.

Then our people expected immediate American activity, both in the East and the West.

When he was over here, Raymond Gram Swing said to me: "When we come in, we shall make all your mistakes on ten times the scale."

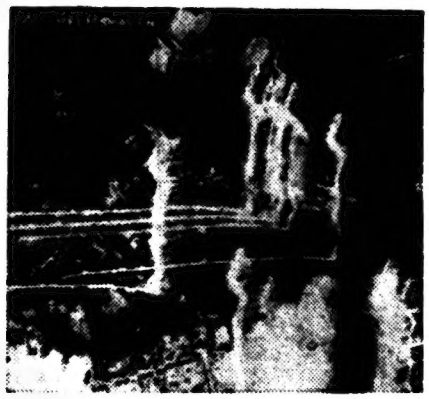
It is hard to understand, but it is easier for us to improvise, with our smaller but less efficient plants, than it is for the elaborate mass-production methods of American factories to start going.

In the end, chain-belt systems are infinitely more effective; but you have to wait for their installation.

The American army is not yet ready.

The American navy—part of it is being repaired—is busy in the Pacific. Besides, it must not disclose what it is doing.

HANNEN SWAFFER



Huge fires burning around the Bauhafen during the January night attack on Wilhelmshaven

FLARES: JUST FLARES!

By Walter Whitman

"I'M afraid you've made a mistake in coming here," the manager said. "You see, there's nothing exciting made at this factory. Our speciality is flares. Just flares."

Just flares!

I wonder if the 900 "hands" talk about their products as "just flares"? If so, let them come with me on a raid over Germany.

The target is the great German naval base of Wilhelmshaven—"Germany's Plymouth"

Over the great resting-place of Nazi naval power the first bombers circle, while from the ground batteries a mighty up-pouring of flak begins.

But aboard the raiders there's a queer calmness—the calm of men absolutely engrossed in a fascinating occupation. They're scanning the sea and ground below, searching for the vital targets which alone are worth the tidy loads our bombers are transporting.

Like Aerial Searchlights

Then, here and there, the flares go down.

They fall like a gentle rain. As many as a hundred glow brightly at one time.

The area below looks for all the world as though a thousand powerful searchlights, sited up in the clouds, had switched on.

The big yard in which the *Tirpitz*, sister ship of the giant *Bismarck*, was built is plainly shown up by the revealing lights.

Down go a swarm of incendiaries.

In the distance a red fire is beginning to take shape, in the centre of a circle of white fires which show where incendiaries are fizzling. That's the rail junction. It's all so exact, so methodical, so apparently unexciting.

Now, let us tell the facts—the actual facts—of what was probably Wilhelmshaven's biggest bashing to date—the great raid in January, 1941.

This raid, like scores and scores of others, began with the very liberal use of flares—"just flares."

Well, what did they enable our bombers to do that night?

Never Seen Such Fires

The great Bauhafen, or naval harbour, received many tons of high-explosives, as well as showers of incendiaries. The most experienced airmen taking part said that they'd never before set eyes on such fires as raged around the harbour.

The dockyard services, too, suffered badly; several of the most vital engineering shops were either destroyed or badly damaged. The great gun stores was hit by heavy bombs.

Among the thousands of buildings in the town, naval barracks were successfully located and set well alight by fire-bombs.

A week later, Admiral Raeder went to the place and begged the workers at the dockyards there to keep their chins up!

The crews who took part had some stirring stories to tell of the attack which followed the hundreds of flares.

One pilot said: "It was more like stoking than bombing. We just shovelled our bombs into the fires and watched them increase."

And a rear-gunner remarked that there was only one way to put out the fires at Wilhelmshaven that night—to push the whole place into the North Sea!

The whole point of this true account of a British raid is this: that nothing is unimportant. It's not a matter of "just flares," but grand, efficient, target-finding flares.

Round the Clock

And we can take it for granted that the work proceeding in our aircraft and linked factories to-day is all part and parcel of a certain most interesting development which will mark 1942.

Before this year is out and possibly before Spring is here, we may see Germany bombed *right round the clock*.

Why do you suppose thousands of skilled British workers are making long-range fighters, many of which are capable of flying to Berlin and back?

As the bold Russians sweep closer and closer to Nazidom's shaky frontier, their bombers will be able to resume their bombing of Germany.

Germany will be between two fires, and Britain's growing air might will be reinforced by squadrons from the States.

So (as our American friends say) *what?*

This: That the precise date upon which Germany can be bombed round the clock is being decided now. And it is being decided not by statesmen or Air Marshals.

It is being fixed by the output of our factories!

Let us never forget that.

THE SCOURGE

SOMETIMES the Greatest Enemy is an insignificant thing. Snowflakes can build a solid wall, yet they're soft as a white moth's wing. So can Plague's tiny parasite destroy with strange irony, the Mightiest Army that the World has ever lived to see.

THEN all the tanks and all the guns and all the bombs and planes come to an unexpected halt while dread crops of tiny blains, immobilise massed warriors on a devastating scale, till Death by War's grim weapons in the face of their Carnage pale!

THEN TYPHUS! That grim dreaded word rattles in their throat, their eyes are skimmed with Fear and no longer do they gloat, across the lands they've conquered, for the Cities with Death are grey, and their Hour has come when the Wrath of God their frightful Deeds Repay.

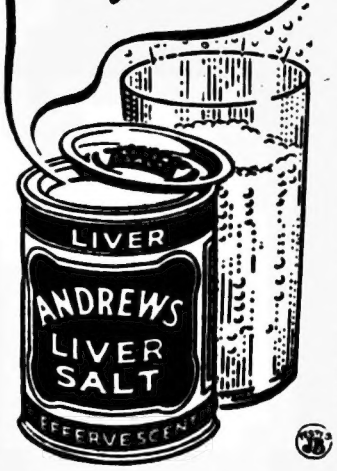
THEY see the Scourge like a still dim pall hung over all they've planned, and looking down they see the dread disease upon their hand! *They're haunted by the Breath of Death which blows nearer with every hour Thus do the Conquerors come to naught, while LICE CREEP INTO POWER!* J. M.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

Excuse me— ANDREWS for INNER CLEANLINESS keeps your system in order



Millions rely on Andrews, the ideal tonic laxative. The quality is always the same.

(14-2)

THE LAST LAUGH

O. D. (Fazakerley). — "Who would be in the running if a successor were needed for Hitler?" Hitler, we should imagine, if he got anything like a reasonable start.

BERT (Frinton). — "Does the blonde have more admirers than the brunette?" Why not ask a girl who has been both?

F. V. S. (Denham).—"I see by the papers that many people are attacking our educational system." Nevertheless, it is struggling on as best it can until cigarette cards are issued again.

A. D. (Finchley).—"I always take my dog for a run directly after breakfast." And does he enjoy seeing you miss your train?

ELSIE (Waterbeach).—"Is breaking a mirror really a sign of bad luck?" No, carelessness generally.

G. L. (Guisborough).—"Nowadays a tame rabbit will often fetch as much as eight shillings." We must get one and encourage it to do so as often as possible.

R. F. (Paisley).—"When the bulldog rushed at me, I riveted my eyes upon it." From your perch in the tree-top?

T. C. (Sanderstead).—"I am paid for what I know." You must find it very hard to make ends meet.

N. E. (Bury St. Edmunds).—"Why won't you print my poem? I'm asking you for the last time." Thanks very much.

TAILOR (Leighton Buzzard).—"Would you like me to tell you how I make a coat last?" We know. You make the trousers first.

M. V. (Belper).—"Intuition is something which enables a person, without looking round, to know that he is being followed." Hitler has it on the Eastern Front. Goering hasn't. He *always* looks round.

AIRMAN (South Coast). — "A dummy Berlin has been built in the outskirts of the city to deceive aircraft." It must be disconcerting for a citizen groping home in the black-out to open his front door and find that the hall is a large expanse of waste ground.

L. F. (Kidlington).—"Mussolini is said to have lost weight." There is no chance now that he will turn the scale against Russia.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

". . . Hazel and Doris send their love, and your wife has asked me to play your favourite tune for you, Bill. Here it is. 'It always rains before the rainbow.'"

T. Y. (Wrexham).—"Hitler's last speech was made from the Berlin Sportspalast." He had intended to speak from Moscow, but there was some hitch about booking the Kremlin for the performance.

G. W. (Edgware).—"It is not good for a man to keep too much to himself." Quite so. And the income tax authorities are very helpful in seeing that he doesn't.

H. U. (Bridlington). — "I never boast about it, but I have a cold bath every morning throughout the winter." That's nothing. We have a warm bath throughout the summer.

R. J. (Dartmoor).—"In my opinion, all iron bars and railings, without exception, should be given up to help the war effort." Your address suggests you may be prejudiced in favour of too drastic measures.

S. C. (Farnborough).—"The war is going to last for another six months." See letter below.

MRS. C (Farnborough).—"My mother will continue to stay with us until next August, when she will go on a visit to my aunt in Scotland." See letter above

Side-Slips

THE SCARBOROUGH MERCURY:—"Whenever possible, WISHING is preferable to cleaning."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"In general, the German food situation is far from desperate. They have great stocks of staples and meat in cold SHORTAGE."

THE BIRMINGHAM POST:—"During daylight there was nothing to SUPPORT over Britain."

Jennings' OINTMENT HEALS! from the first application and its antiseptic qualities are beyond question

1/3D A TIN

You are safe with Jennings'

From ALL Chemists—Write Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight For free copy of "EVERYBODYS DOCTOR"

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½D (including Purchase Tax)

LASTS LONGEST

As a special war-time economy for you—and to save precious metal, too—we have introduced *refills for the 7½d size, price 7d.* Refills for the 1/3 size are still obtainable at 11½d. All prices include Purchase Tax.

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1 GD 22/42

Instant relief from INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS DYSPEPSIA FLATULENCE ACIDITY HEARTBURN PALPITATION GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

AT ALL CHEMISTS 8½D & 1/5 (INCLUDING TAX)

Result of "BULLETS" 1,311

FIRST PRIZE £50

Mrs. E. Baird, Flat 4, Ravenscroyde, The Cliffs, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Example: SO FAR.
Bullet: "TUNNEL" — THEN, "TRIUMPHAL ARCH."

£20: L. Cpl. Inman, A.T.C., R.A.O.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Example: In Search Of Scrap
Bullet: Continually, Navy—Are You?

£10: E. M. Pack, "Alum Chine," Hull Rd., Anlaby, Hull.
Example: Government Official
Bullet: Sometimes "Spitfire"—Never "Hurricane"!

£5: M. Sweet, 37, Marsh Lane, Bedminster, Bristol.
Tommy's Opinion—King Inquired Sergeant Didn't!

£4: F. H. Treshelle, 29, Chetwynd Rd., [illegible]
Government Debates—Curtail—*Hitler's Growing* Divisions."

£3: W.O.II (O.R.S.) J. Wood, H.Q., 8th Royal Scots, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Hush-hush Policy—Defeating "Wake Up, Britain!"

£2: P. H. Blick, Leonard-Stanley, Stonehouse, [illegible]
The British—"Crooking" P Yes, Adolf!

25s.: Rev. R. E. Gaye, Skeyton Rectory, [illegible] Abbott, Norwich.
Shock For The General
"Boot"—We Want "Wellingtons"!

20s.: Miss F. Briscoe, Doncler, Dawley, Salop.
The British — "Catching It" Through "Fumbling."

15s.: Pte. E. Rudd, c/o 13, Mennes Rd., W[illegible]
Shock For The General—Knighted With [illegible] pen!

10s.: Mrs. E. M. Whiteside, Cranbourne, Kenley Hill, Northwood.
They've Got Brains, But—Campbell's Got Common-sense!

30s.: F. W. Sadler, C.P.O. Writer, R.N., "[illegible] Warren Rd., Lowestoft.
Cost Of Living — Rising Curve, Reducing "Curves."

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of [illegible] can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit [illegible] have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 263

WINNING WORDS: 1. Rules. 2. Inns. 3. Cast. 4. Burst. 5. Flee. 6. Safe. 7. Brood. 8. Lens. 9. Crow. 10. Roses. 11. Waiting. 12. Goals. 13. Hens. 14. Court.
$100 SHARERS: Mrs. W. Old, 24, Beamsley, Beeston, Nottingham; E. M. Williams, 95, Westgate, Louth, Lincs.
$25 CASH shared between 27 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

GREATEST OF THESE

● With a wife and seven children to feed and clothe, ex-Driver Hewitt is in a heart-breaking position and badly in need of help, having now exhausted his little capital.

He was discharged from the R.A.S.C. in January last as physically unfit. Being unable to resume his former occupation, he started as an owner-taxi-driver. Having bought the car, a licence to run it was refused by the local council. After considerable difficulty, he eventually obtained a licence, ran for three months, and so managed to support his large family.

Now he is called upon to recondition the car, but is unable to have the work carried out without some financial assistance.

He and his hard-working wife are further harassed by rent arrears.

Will our generous readers send a donation to assist this ex-Service man who is in dire need through no fault of his own? Letters, earmarked "Taxi," should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War-Sufferers' Fund*, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

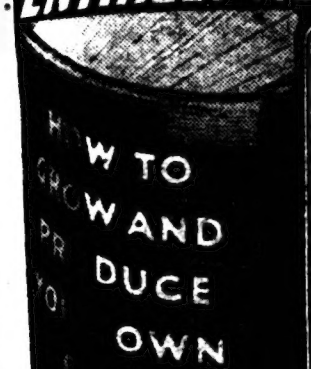
There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT BOOK SERVICE TO ITS READERS!

ENTIRELY NEW! JUST OUT!



HOW TO GROW AND PRODUCE YOUR OWN FOOD

The World's most Practical Book to Increase Your Home Food Supply in Wartime!

Preparing Soil for Crops, etc. *Framing Hotbeds, etc.* *How to Go Transplanting, etc.* *How to Doctor Sick Fowls, etc.* *Making a Simple Rabbit Hutch, etc.*

THE MOST VALUABLE BOOK OF THE WAR

NEARLY 400 HOW-TO-DO-IT DRAWINGS DIAGRAMS, ETC

How to Milk a Goat, etc.

DO YOU HAVE TO QUEUE FOR VEGETABLES?
ARE THE CHILDREN GETTING THE RIGHT FOOD?
DO YOU FIND IT HARD TO FEED A LARGE FAMILY?

JUST OUT! Entirely New! The world's greatest, most simple and most practical food growing book ever published—"HOW TO GROW AND PRODUCE YOUR OWN FOOD"—a tremendous money-saving work for every home that will enable you to secure plentiful supplies of healthful foods all the year round!

Here is the entire how-what-when-and-why of simple and successful home food production in over 500 pages and nearly 175,000 words of common-sense, easy-to-follow directions, and nearly 400 marvellous drawings, diagrams, plans and charts that are just as good as having an expert standing by you, showing you what to do and how to do it. The book tells and shows not only how to obtain every kind of Vegetable and Fruit, but Meat—Milk—Eggs—Poultry—and Honey as well!

How to Extract Honey, etc.

You would expect to pay at least Half a Guinea for a work of such National Importance, but under its great Wartime Book Service to Readers "JOHN BULL" makes it available at an amazingly low Privilege Price. Owing to wartime paper restrictions supplies of this book are strictly limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. YOU NEED NO MONEY NOW FOR THIS BOOK. NOW OFF THE PRESS, BUT YOU MUST RESERVE YOUR COPY BY APPLYING IMMEDIATELY ON ORDER-LABEL BELOW!

Actual size of volume 81 in. by 81 in., bound in handsome Green Bookcloth, beautifully embossed on the cover and spine. All you need when you receive your Invoice is only 6s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW Fill in Order-Label below and affix penny stamp for Privilege Invoice and Printed Matter and post in unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp to: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "How to Grow and Produce Your Own Food," Book Dept. J.G.1, Kings Langley, Herts.

On receipt of Order-Label you will be sent an Invoice which you then send back together with your remittance and book will be sent to your home.

"HOW TO GROW AND PRODUCE YOUR OWN FOOD"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you. Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.G.1 7/6/42

IMPORTANT Every word of this book is practical, specially written by a successful grower and producer. Everything about gardening, poultry keeping, rabbit breeding, goats and bees is explained so simply and clearly in the wonderful pictures that even a beginner can't go wrong.

VEGETABLES!

How to Start—How to Use Garden-ing Tools—How to Grow Seedlings—When Crops are Ready for Digging Up—Fertilisers—How to Destroy Garden Pests—How to Store Vege-tables—How to Grow: BEANS, BEET, CABBAGE, CARROTS, CAULIFLOWERS, CELERY, CUCUMBERS, LETTUCES, MARROWS, MUSHROOMS, ONIONS, PARSNIPS, PEAS, POTATOES, RHUBARB, SPINACH, SPROUTS, SWEDES, TOMATOES, TURNIPS.

FRUIT!

Pruning—How to Stake and Tie—How Far Apart to Plant?—How to Propagate—Budding—Herbaceous—Fertilisers—Pests and Diseases—How to Store Fruits—How to Grow: APPLES, CHERRIES, DAMSONS, GRAPES, GREENGAGES, PEARS, PLUMS, QUINCES, RASPBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, etc.

EGGS!

What Birds to Buy?—How to Make a House and Run—How to Handle Foods—Preserving Eggs—How to Feed Fowls on a Warmth Basis—Making a Laying Mash—How to Make Young Chicks—How to Take Care of Sick Fowls.

MEAT!

How to Build: Rabbit Hutch—Sty—Scratch Shed—Run—How and What to Feed Rabbits—When to Mate Rabbits—How to Skin and Prepare for Table—Common Ail-ments and Cures, etc.

MILK!

Buying and Keeping a Goat—How to Tether and Tether—The Goat's Kidding in Wartime—How to Make Butter and Cheese from Goat's Milk—Other Dairy Animals, etc.

HONEY!

How to Start Bee-keeping—Equip-ment You Need—Extracting the Honey—Swarming, etc.

APPLY AT ONCE

What do I do...

to make sure of enough onions and potatoes next year?

I grow them myself in the garden or on an allotment, with all the other vegetables my family will need. I plan my cropping to avoid a summer glut, and to make sure of enough vegetables in the winter when we shall need them most. I can obtain the official plan in "How to Crop" by filling in this coupon and sending it to:—

Ministry of Agriculture,
Leaflet Room, Lindum Hotel,
St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

Please send a copy of "How to Crop" to:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

199

Cuticura OINTMENT

COLDS & 'FLU

quickly banished by

Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/2 & 2/- SINGLE DOSE 2d.

£1 25 OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY ALL-CASH OFFER

FOR 'John Bull' X-WORD

1ST PRIZE £100 - Runners-up £25 CASH

For result of Xword No. 263, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	5p	3p
1 FOR ROBUST HEALTH, SUCH FOOD IS NECESSARY EVERY DAY	A PLE			
2 RIGHT TREATMENT COMMONLY MAKES THESE YIELD	AC ES			
3 POLICEMAN IS OCCASIONALLY SEEN ON THIS	B AT			
4 FICTION WRITER'S FIRST EFFORT IS LIKELY TO BE	TA E			
5 TO DO THIS GARDEN A DRAUGHT	WIN OW			
6 HOUSEWIFE WILL BE ANNOYED IF THIS SPREADS ALL OVER THE HOUSE	IRE			
7 MUCH THOUGHT AND SKILL ARE NEEDED TO KEEP THIS SIMMERING	TRI E			
8 MAY BE VERY WELCOME WHEN IT'S PRESENT	OY			
9 INFANTRYMAN MAY BE ORDERED TO ALTER HIS	PAC			
10 ONE EXPECTS THIS TO BE WASHED ASHORE AFTER GALE	WR CK			
11 THERE'S OFTEN CONSIDERABLE PRESSURE BEHIND THIS	ALE			
12 GLUTTONS ARE PEOPLE WHO DO THIS TO EAT	L VE			
13 MAKING UP OF THIS WILL TAX DRESS-MAKER'S INGENUITY	LAC			
14 SUPPLY OF WATER MAY BE IMPROVED BY ONE	FI TER			

FREE ENTRIES

Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 16.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 267)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or less. £25 Cash award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY MAR. 27

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,311 appears on page 14

WE CAN'T AFFORD
RADICALLY WRONG
ACT OF A HERO
MEANS A LOT
CARRYING ON
MAN ON TOP
ANGRILY
WORKING OVERTIME
DIRTY BUSINESS
SEEING NOTHING
GOOD OMEN
BREAKING
QUITE BY CHANCE

WINSTON'S A GIANT, BUT
LESSON OF SINGAPORE
GO-AHEAD GOVERNMENT
STERN WARNING
NO LONGER
HALF ASLEEP
TO STOP PROFITEERING

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

AT THE END OF THE .....
IF WE BUT .....
JUST LIKE A .....
JOB FOR .....
KEPT IN THE .....
ALL FOR .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

TWO FREE EFFORTS may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

Signed .....

P.O. Value.... No..... Closing MON., Postmark MAR. 16.

1,315

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,315—or Xword No. 267, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

'Take my case'

says
Mrs. Goodchild

"What with their milk and their extra eggs, to say nothing of the cod-liver oil and those fruit-juices for the babies," says Mrs. Goodchild, "I do think it's splendid the way the Ministry of Food is looking after the children. And it's only right, of course, that they should have first claim on the oranges. But why fix the age at six? Take my case. My Johnny has to miss his orange-juice because he's just too old to have a green ration book. Where's rhyme or reason in rules like that?"

Think again, Mrs. Goodchild. Supplies of oranges are so irregular that they can't come on the ration and so small that they can't be made available to all children even. Now it has been proved that children of seven and upwards are less dependent on orange-juice as a vitamin-source than the smaller ones are—more especially the *very* small ones who are cutting their teeth. Take your case—there's not the least occasion for your Johnny to go short of his vitamins, because he's big enough to eat plenty of potatoes, vegetables and salads. In addition, you will remember that he has an adult ration book now, and you can give him his full meat ration. So we hope you'll agree that

LISTEN TO "THE KITCHEN FRONT" AT 8.15 EVERY MORNING

we do think of ALL the children, Mrs. Goodchild.

MF Min. of Food

FOOD FACTS No. 84. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

Save fuel

COAL · COKE · ELECTRICITY
GAS · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

for the factories

Switch the fire 'down' or 'off' as soon as room is warm and try and do without your gas or electric fires until you really need them. Never leave them burning in an unoccupied room.

Issued by the Mines Department

Your Life hangs on a nail

By a Biochemist

The amount of iron in your body is not very great; actually, about as much as would make a 1¼-inch nail. But it is vital.

For it is the *iron* associated with the haemoglobin in the billions of red cells of your blood which alone gives them their all-important power of extracting oxygen from the air you breathe into your lungs, in order that it may be carried to all the cells of your body.

Again, it is *iron* which enables each individual body cell in its turn to extract the oxygen from the blood which flows to it.

If this process did not take place, life would be impossible, for it is only in the presence of oxygen in your body cells that the products of the food you eat can be transformed into the heat and energy essential to life. Again, if this process is rendered partially ineffective through *iron-starvation*, health and vitality will suffer accordingly.

There is fortunately a sure safeguard against *iron-starvation*. IRON 'JELLOIDS' provide the essential iron in a form in which it is known to be most easily absorbed. IRON 'JELLOIDS' should, in fact, be regarded as a food supplement rather than as a medicine.

N.B.—If you are not feeling up to the mark, if you are nervy, depressed, easily tired, suspect *iron-starvation* and *start taking* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal*. As your *iron-strength* increases, you will find yourself feeling better every day, in every way.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine).

make you feel better every day, in every way

Of all chemists and stores: 1/4 (including Purchase Tax)

Send postcard for **FREE BOOK** entitled "Iron-starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better than any Beauty Treatment — The Iron-starved Man — The Iron-starved Child — etc. Address your postcard to The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., (Dept. JB39), Watford, Herts.

The word 'Jelloids' is a regd. trade mark.

Why not Improve
HEALTH & FIGURE

You can soon regain the slenderness of yesterday, together with a splendid feeling of perfect health with the help of Bile Beans. Taken regularly, these fine vegetable pills 'slim while you sleep'—purifying the blood, clearing the system of fat-forming food waste, and improving your vitality.

So why not start with Bile Beans to-night—just a couple at bedtime—for radiant health and a slim, youthful figure?

BILE BEANS

The Navigator SWEARS by KOLYNOS of course!

There's a Viking touch about the Navigator! That beard of his serves to emphasise his virility and to enhance the sparkling whiteness of his teeth—teeth which, by the way, are no strangers to Kolynos. Make no mistake about it, the Navigator is on the right 'course.' Whether clean-shaven or bearded, you too can swear by KOLYNOS, the tooth paste which will make your teeth whiter and brighter than ever before.

THE POWER THAT HEALS

LION OINTMENT, famous for 94 years for quick, safe healing. Brings inflammation OUT, prevents it spreading; forms healthy skin in a few days. Treat minor wounds immediately before they become septic. Also for **Cuts, Burns, Septic Wounds, Boils Impetigo, Eczema.**

1/3 *At Chemists, 1/3, 3/- per box, Inc. Purchase Tax.*

BURGESS' **LION OINTMENT**

Keep warm within with Victory-V

GUMS LOZENGES

FAMILY HEALTH comes first...

for household & family use

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free all over the world 17s. 4d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newspapers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

J.B.I. 288 ★ 205